

(3)

A NEW VERSION

of the

P S A L M S

of

DAVID,

fitted to the

Tunes used in Churches.

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BY N. BRADY, D. D. CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY,

and

N. TATE, ESQ. POET - LAUREAT, TO HIS MAJESTY.

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NEW VERSION

of the

P S A L M S.

PSALM I:

How blest is he who ne'er consents
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
2. But makes the perfect law of God
Devoutly reads therein by day,
3 Like some fair tree which fed by streams
He still shall flourish, and success
4. Ungodly men and their attempts
Untimely blasted and dispersed
5. Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
No formal hypocrite shall then
6. For God approves the just man's ways, to happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread, shall both in ruin end.

by ill advice to walk ;
where men profanely talk.
his business and delight ;
and meditates by night.
with timely fruit does bend,
all his designs attend.
no lasting root shall find ;
like chaff before the wind.
before the Judge's face ;
amongst the saints have place.
to happiness they tend ;
shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 With restless and ungovern'd rage
Why in such rash attempts engage,
2 The great in counsel and in might,
Against the Lord they all unite,
3 Must we submit to their commands ?
" No let us break their slavish bands,
4 But God, who sits in thron'd on high,
Does their conspiring strength defy,
5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break on his rebellious foes :
And thus will he in thunder speak
6 " Though madly you dispute my will, the king that I ordain,
" Whose throne is fixed on Sion's hill, shall there securely reign."
7 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
" Thou art my Son, this day my heir
8 " Ask and receive thy full demands,
" The utmost limits of the land
why do the heathen storm ?
as they can ne'er perform.
their various forces bring ;
and his anointed king.
presumptuously they say :
and cast their chains away."
and sees how they combine,
and mocks their vain design.
on his rebellious foes :
to all that dare oppose.
the king that I ordain,
God's uncontrol'd decree ;
have I begotten thee.
thine shall the heathen be ;
shall be possess'd by thee,

PSALM III, IV. V.

9 "Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake, and crush them ev'ry where ;
 " As massy bars of iron break the potter's brittle ware."
10 Learn then, ye princes, and give ear, ye judges of the earth ;
11 Worship the Lord with holy fear, rejoice with awful mirth.
12 Appear the Son with due respect, your timely homage pay ;
 Lest he revenge the bold neglect, incens'd by your delay.
13 If but in part his anger rise, who can endure the flame ?
 Then blest are they whose hope relies on his most holy name.

PSALM III.

1 How num'rous, Lord, of late are grown
And as their numbers hourly rise,
the troublers of my peace !
so does their rage increase.
2 Insulting they my soul upbraid,
The God in whom he trusts, say they,
and him whom I adore ;
shall rescue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence ;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
on thee my hopes rely ;
lift up my head on high.
4 Since, whenso'er in like distress
He heard me from his holy hill,
to God I made my pray'r,
why should I now despair ?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
For I through him securely sleep,
my sweet repose to take :
through him in safety wake.
6 No force nor fury of my foes
Were they as many hosts as men,
my courage shall confound,
that have beset me round.
7 Arise and save me, O my God,
And scatter'd oft these foes to me
who oft hast own'd my cause,
and to thy righteous laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His blessing he extends to all
he only can defend ;
that on his pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O Lord, that art my righteous judge,
Thou still redeem'st me from distress,
2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
How long your vain designs pursue,
3 Consider, that the righteous man
And when to him I make my pray'r,
4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Commune in private with your hearts,
5 The place of other sacrifice
And let your hope, securely fixt,
6 While worldly minds impatient grow
Still let the glories of thy face
7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
to my complaint give ear ;
have mercy, Lord, and hear.
to blot my fame devise ?
and spread malicious lies ?
is God's peculiar choice ;
he always hears my voice.
flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;
and bend them to his will.
let righteousness supply ;
on God alone rely.
more prosp'rous times to see,
shine brightly, Lord, on me.
more lasting and more true,
more successively renew.
and take my needful rest ;
of thy defence possest.

PSALM V.

1 Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, accept my secret pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God, will I for help repair.

PSALM VI, VII.

3 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ; and with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up, to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the wrongs that I sustain canst never, Lord, approve ;
Who from thy sacred dwelling-place all evil dost remove.
5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain unpunished in thy view :
All such as act unrighteous things thy vengeance shall pursue.
6 The sland'ring tongue, O God of truth, by thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat'st alike the man in blood and in deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundless grace shall me to thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes, and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws, for watchful is my foe ;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way wherein I ought to go.
9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit, their heart is set on wrong ;
Their throat is a devouring grave, they flatter with their tongue.
10 By their own counsels let them fall, oppress'd with loads of sin ;
For they against thy righteous laws have harden'd rebels been.
11 But let all those who trust in thee, with shouts their joy proclaim ;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st, and all that love thy name.
12 To righteous men, the righteous Lord his blessing will extend,
And with his favour, all his saints, as with a shield defend.

PSALM VI.

1 Thy dreadful anger, Lord, restrain, and spare a wretch forlorn ;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath, too heavy to be born.
2 Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint, unable to endure
The anguish of my aking bones which thou alone canst cure.
3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind, and fills my soul with grief ;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay to grant me thy relief !
4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat, and ease my troubled soul ;
Lord, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake, vouchsafe to make me whole.
5 For after death no more can I thy glorious acts proclaim ;
No pris'ner of the silent grave can magnify thy name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint, no hope of ease I see ;
The night, that quiets common griefs, is spent in tears by me.
7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim, my eyes with weakness close :
Old age o'er takes me, whilst I think on my insulting foes.
8 Depart, ye wicked ; in my wrongs ye shall no more rejoice ;
For God, I find, accepts my tears, and listens to my voice.
9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble pray'r, and they that wish my fall, 9, 10
Shall blush and rage to see that God protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd my trust alone in thee,
From all my persecutors rage do thou deliver me.
2 To save me from my threat'ning foe, Lord interpose thy pow'r ;
Lest, like a savage lion, he my helpless soul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er against his peace combine ;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his life, who sought unjustly mine.
5 Let then to persecuting foes my soul become a prey ;
Let them to earth thread down my life, in dust my honour lay.

PSALM VIII, XI.

6 Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,
Exalt thyself above my foes,
Awake, awake, in my behalf,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
7 So to thy throne adoring crowds
O! therefore for their sakes resume
8 Impartial judge of all the world,
According to my just deserts,
9 Let wicked arts and wicked men,
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
10, 11 God me protects, not only me,
And daily lays up wrath for those
12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
13 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing
14 The plots are fruitless which my foe
15 The pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
16 On his own head his spite returns,
On him the violence is fall'n
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
I'll sing the praise of God most high,

in my defence engage ;
and their insulting rage :
the judgment to dispense,
for injur'd innocence.
shall still for justice fly ;
thy judgment seat on high.
I trust my cause to thee ;
so let thy sentence be.
together be o'erthrown ;
the hearts of both are known.
but all of upright heart ;
who from his laws depart.
his bow stands ready bent ;
his pointed shafts are sent.
unjustly did conceive :
his own untimely grave.
whilst I from harm am free !
which he design'd for me.
of providence proclaim ;
and celebrate his name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O thou to whom all creatures bow
Thro' all the world how great art thou,
In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung, nor fully reckon'd there ;
2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue thy boundless praise declare :
Thro' thee the weak confound the strong, and crush their haughty foes ;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng, that thee and thine oppose.
3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high, employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky, with stars of feebler light ;
4 What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st to keep him in thy mind ?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st to him so wond'rous kind ?
Him next in pow'r thou didst create to thy celestial train ;
6 Ordain'd with dignity and state o'er all thy works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful sway ; the beasts that prey or graze ;
8 The bird that wings its airy way ; the fish that cuts the seas.
9 O thou to whom all creatures bow within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou ! how glorious is thy name !

PSALM IX.

1 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
To all the list'ning world thy works,
2 The thought of them shall to my soul exalted pleasures bring ;
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high, triumphant praise I sing.
3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn their backs in shameful flight ;
Struck with thy presence down they fell, they perish'd at thy sight.
4 Against insulting foes advanc'd.
My right asserting from thy throne, thou did'st my cause maintain ;
where truth and justice reign.

PSALM IX, X.

5 The insolence of heathen pride
Their wick'd offspring quite destroy'd,
6 Mistaken foes! your haughty threats
Our city stands, which you design'd
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
Impartial justice to dispense,
9 God is a constant sure defence
As troubles rise, his needful aids
10 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
11 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
thou hast reduc'd to shame ;
and blotted out their name.
are to a period come :
to make our common tomb.
his righteous throne prepar'd,
to punish or reward.
against oppressing rage ;
in our behalf engage.
will in his truth confide ;
that on his help rely'd.
from Sion his abode ;
confess no other God.

PART SECOND.

12 When he enquiry makes for blood,
The injur'd humble man's complaint
13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft
14 In Sion then I'll sing thy praise,
And with loud shouts of grateful joy
15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me
Their guilty feet to their own snare
16 Thus by the just returns he makes
While wicked men by their own plots
17 No single sinner shal escape
Nor nation from his just revenge
18 His suff'ring saints, when most distrest,
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r,
Descend to judgment and pronounce
20 Strike terror thro' the nation's round,
They, to each other, and themselves,
he'll call the poor to mind ;
relief from him shall find.
which spiteful foes create,
from death's devouring gate.
to all that love thy Name ;
thy saving pow'r proclaim.
the heathen pride is laid ;
insensibly betray'd.
the mighty Lord is known ;
are shamefully o'erthrown.
by privacy obscur'd ;
by numbers be secur'd.
he ne'er forgets to aid ;
though for a time delay'd.
and let not man o'ercome ;
the guilty heathen's doom.
till, by consenting fear,
but mortal men appear.

PSALM X.

1 Thy presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord? why hid'st now thou thy face,
When dismal times of deep distress call for thy wonted grace ?
2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride, have made the poor their prey,
O let them fall by those designs which they for others lay.
3 For strait they triumph, if success their thriving crimes attend :
And sordid wretches, whom God hates, perversly they commend.
4 To own a pow'r above themselves their haughty pride disdains ;
And therefore in their stubborn mind no thought of God remains.
5 Oppressive methods they pursue, and all their foes they slight ;
Because thy judgments unobserv'd are far above their sight ;
6 They fondly think their prosp'rous state shall unmolested be ;
They think their vain designs shall thrive, from all misfortune free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their speech, with curses fill'd and lies ;
By which the mischief of their heart they study to disguise.

PSALM XI, XII.

8 Near public roads they lie conceal'd,
The innocent and poor at once and all their art employ,
to rifle and destroy.
9 Not lions, couching in their dens,
With greater cunning, or express surprise their heedless prey
more savage rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmless man,
That, so deceiv'd, the poor may less and modest looks they wear;
their sudden onset fear.

PART SECOND.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes of their unrighteous deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring poor, nor their oppression heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise; stretch forth thy mighty arm;
And, by the greatness of thy pow'r, defend the poor from harm.
13 No longer let the wicked vaunt, and proudly boasting say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do, he never will repay."
14 But sure thou seest, and all their deeds impartially dost try; on thee for aid rely.
The orphan therefore and the poor of all their strength bereft;
15 Defenceless let the wicked fall, till no remains are left.
Confound, O God, their dark designs, which shall for ever stand;
16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord, form this thy chosen land.
Thou who in the heathen didst expel that to thy throne repair;
17 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray and then accept'st their pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'st the fatherless and poor; That so the tyrants of the earth may persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 Since I have plac'd my trust in God, a refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, to distant mountains fly?
2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow, and ready fix their dart;
Lurking in ambush to destroy the man of upright heart.
3 When once the firm assurance fails which public faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly from such deceitful arts.
4 The Lord hath both a temple here, and righteous throne above;
Where he surveys the sons of men, and how their counsels move.
5 If God, the righteous, whom he loves, for trial does correct;
What must the sons of violence, whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, fire, and bimstone on their heads shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge into their cup shall pour.
7 The righteous Lord, will righteous deeds, with signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose the brightness of his face.

PSALM XII.

1 Since godly men decay, O Lord, do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford one just and faithful friend.
2 One neighbour now scarce believe what t'other doth impart:
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive, and with a double heart.
3 But lips that with deceit abound can never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound the proud blaspheming tongue.

PSALM XIII, XIV, XV.

- 4 In vain those foolish boasters say, " our tongues are sure our own ;
" With doubtful words we'll still betray, and be controul'd by none."
- 5 For God, who hears the suff'ring poor, and their oppression knows,
Will soon arise and give them rest, in spite of all their foes.
- 6 The word of God shall still abide, and void of falsehood be :
As is the silver sev'n times try'd, from drossy mixture free.
- 7 The promise of his aiding grace shall reach its purpos'd end ;
His servants from this faithless race he ever shall defend.
- 8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd, nor know which way to fly ;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd, shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

- 1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord ? Must I for ever mourn ?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me ; oh ! never to return ?
- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul, and grief my heart oppress ;
How long my enemies insult, and I have no redress ?
- 3 O hear ! and to my longing eyes restore thy wonted light ;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep in everlasting night.
- 4 Restore me lest they proudly boast 'twas their own strength o'ercame ;
Permit not them that vex my soul to triumph in my shame.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my trust beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then my heart with joy shall spring :
- 6 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd, to thee my God ascend ;
Who to thy servant in distress such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XIV.

- 1 Sure, wicked fools must needs suppose that God is nothing but a name ;
Corrupt & lewd their practice grows, no breast is warm'd with holy flame.
- 2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high towers and all the son's of men
To see if any own'd his pow'r, if any truth or justice knew. [did view,
- 3 But all, he saw, were gone aside, all were degen'rate grown and base :
None took religion for their guide, not one of all the sinful race.
- 4 But can these workers of deceit be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat, and God's almighty pow'r disown ?
- 5 How will they tremble then for fear, when his just wrath shall them o'er-
For to the righteous, God is near, and never will their cause forsake. [take ?
- 6 Ill men in vain with scorn expose those methods which the good pursue ;
Since God a refuge is for those whom his just eyes with favour view.
- 7 Would he his saving pow'r employ, to break his people's servile band ?
Then shouts of universal joy, should loudly echo thro' the land.

PSALM XV.

- 1 Lord, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair ?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them, but to inhabit there ?
- 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed by rules of virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous tongue despains to speak the thing his heart disapproves.
- 3 Who never did a slander forge his neighbour's fame to wound ;
Or hearken to a false report, by malice wisper'd round.

PSALM XVI, XVII.

- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r, can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, tho' cloth'd in rags, religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood ;
And tho' he promise to his loss he makes his promise good.
- 6 Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe, the guiltless to destroy.
- 7 The man, who by his steady course has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand, by providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

- 1 Protect me from my cruel foes, and shield me, Lord, from harm ;
Because my trust I still repose on thy almighty arm.
- 2 My soul all help but thine does slight, all gods but thee disown ;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite the goodness thou hast shown.
- 3 But those that strictly virtuous are, and love the thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer shall be my chief delight.
- 4 How shall their sorrows be increas'd, who other Gods adore ?
Their bloody off'rings I detest, their very names abhor.
- 5 My lot is fall'n in that blest land where God is truly known ;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand ; 'tis he supports my throne.
- 6 In nature's most delightful scene my happy portion lies ;
The place of my appointed reign all other lands out-vies.
- 7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord, whose precepts give me light,
And private counsel still afford in sorrows dismal night.
- 8 I strive each action to approve to his all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove, because he still is nigh.
- 9 Therefore my heart all grief defies, my glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise, wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath, my soul from hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy holy one in death the least corruption see.
- 11 Thou shalt the paths of life display, which to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without alloy, and joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

- 1 To my just plea, and sad complaint, attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious ear afford,
- 2 As in thy sight I am approv'd, so let my sentence be ;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord, my upright dealing see.
- 3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day, and visited by night ;
And on the strictest trial found its secret motions right.
Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone my heart's designs acquit :
For I have purpos'd that my tongue shall no offence commit.
- 4 I know what wicked men would do their safety to maintain ;
But me thy just and mild commands from bloody paths restrain.
- 5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs, my innocence secure ;
O guide me in thy righteous ways, and make my footseps sure.
- 6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain to thee my prayer addrest ;
O now, my God, incline thine ear to this my just request.

PSALM XVII.

7 The wonders of thy truth and love in my defence engage,
Thou whose right-hand preserves thy saints for their oppressors rage.

PART SECOND.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'rest care; thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes, that compass me about.
10 O'ergrown with luxury, enclos'd in their own fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming mouth both God and man defy.
11 Well may they boast; for they have now my paths encompass'd round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd and couching on the ground.
12 In posture of a lion set, when greedy of his prey;
Or a young lion, when he lurks within a covert way.
13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots, their swelling rage controul;
From wicked men, who are thy sword, deliver thou my soul.
14 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge, whose portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly stores, aspire, no other bliss to know;
15 Their race is num'rous, that partake their substance while they live;
Their heirs survive, to whom they may the vast remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightness, thy face shall view without controul:
And, waking, shall its image find reflected in my soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2 No change of times shall ever shock my firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock, a fortress and defence to me.
Thou my deliv'rer art, my God: my trust is in thy mighty pow'r.
Thou art my shield from foes abroad, at home my safe-guard and my tow'r.
3 To thee I'll still address my pray'r (to whom all praise we justly owe);
So shall I, by thy watchful care, be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
4, 5 By floods of wickedmen distress'd, with deadly sorrows compass'd round;
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd, in death's unwielding fetters bound.
6 To heaven I made my mournful pray'r, to God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear, and heard me from his lofty throne.

PART SECOND.

7 When God arose to take my part, the conscious earth did quake for fear;
From their firm posts the hills did start, nor could his dreadful fury bear.
8 Thick clouds of smoak disperst abroad, ensings of wrath before him came;
Devouring fire around him glow'd, that coals were kindled at its flame.
9 He left the beauteous realms of light, whilst heaven bow'd down its awful
Beneath his feet substantial night was like a sable carpet spread. [head,
10 The chariot of the King of kings, which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings, with most amazing swiftness flew.
11, 12 Blackwavy mists and clouds conspir'd with thickest shades his face to
But at his brightness soon retir'd, and fell in show'rs of fire and hail. [veil;
13 Thro' heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal, God's angry voice did loudly
roar.
While earths said face with heaps of hail and flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er.
14 The sharpen'd arrows round he threw, which made his scatter'd foes re-
treat.
Like darts his nimble light'ning flew, and quickly finish'd their defeat.

PSALM XVIII.

15 The deep its secret stores disclos'd ; the world's foundations naked lay
By his avenging wrath expos'd, which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

PART THIRD.

16 The Lord did on my side engage, from heav'n (his throne) my cause upheld,
And snatch'd me from the furious rage of threat'ning waves that proudly
swell'd.

17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd, my strongest foes attempts to break ;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd the weak defence that I could make.

18 Their subtle rage had near prevail'd when I distrest and friendless lay ;
But still when other succours fail'd, God was my firm support and stay.

19 From dangers that inclos'd me round, he brought me forth, and set me free ;
For some just cause his goodness found, that mov'd him to delight in me.

20 Because in me no guilt remains, God does his gracious help extend ;
My hands are free from bloody stains, therefore the Lord is still my friend.

21, 22 For I his judgments keep in sight ; in his just paths I always trod ;
I never did his statutes slight, nor loosely wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But still my soul sincere and pure, did ev'n from darling sins refrain :
His favours therefore yet endure, because my heart and hands are clean.

PART FOURTH.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways to various paths of human-kind ;
They who for mercy merit praise, with thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
Thou to the just shalt justice shew, the pure thy purity shall see ;
Such as perversely chuse to go, shall meet with due returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble soul will save, and crush the haughty's boasted might ;
In me the Lord an instance gave, whose darkness he has turn'd to light.

29 On his firm succour I rely'd, and did o'er num'rous foes prevail ;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side, the best defended walls to seale.

30 For God's designs shall still succeed ; his word will bear the utmost test ;
He's a strong shield to all that need, and on his sure protection rest.

31 Who then deserves to be ador'd, but God on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who except the mighty Lord, can with resistless power defend ?

PART FIFTH.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on, and all my just designs fulfils ;
Thro' him, my feet can swiftly run, and nimbly climb the steepest hills.

34 Lessons of war from him I take, and manly weapons learn to wield ;
Strong bows of steel with ease to break, forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.

35 The buckler of his saving health protects me from assaulting foes ;
His hand sustains me still, my wealth and greatness from his bounty flows.

36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad, till then to narrow paths confin'd ;
And, when in slipp'ry ways I trod, the method of thy steps design'd.

37 Thro' him I num'rous hosts defeat, and flying squadrons captive take ;
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat, till I a final conquest make.

PSALM XIX.

38 Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try, their vanquish'd heads again to rear ;
Spite of their boasted strength they lie beneath my feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when fresh armies take the field, recruits my strength and courage warms ;
He makes my strong opposers yield, subdu'd by my prevailing arms.

40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes my conqu'ring feet in triumph press ;
Aided by him, I root out those who hate and envy my success.

41 With loud complaints all friends they try'd, but none was able to defend ;
At length to God for help they cry'd, but God would no assistance lend.

42 Like flying dust which winds pursue, their broken troops I scatter'd round ;
Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw, like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground,

PART SIXTH.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now, by God's appointment me obey ;
The heathen to my scepter bow, and foreign nations own my sway.

44 Remotest realms their homage send, when my successful name they hear.
Strangers for my commands attend, charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear;

45 All to my summons tamely yield, or soon in battle are dismay'd ;
For stronger holds they quit the field, and still in strongest holds afraid.

46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd, the rock on whose defence I rest !
To highest heav'ns his name be rais'd, whome with his salvation bless'd.

47 'Tis God that still supports my right, his just revenge my foes pursues ;
'Tis he that with resistless might, fierce nations to my yoke subdues.

48 My universal safeguard, he ! from whom my lasting honours flow ;
He made me great, and set me free, from my remorseless bloody foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his frame, my grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise ;
And nations, strangers to his name, shall thus be taught to sing his praise.

50 " God to his king deliv'rance sends, shew his anointed signal grace ;
" His mercy evermore extends to David and his promis'd race.

PSALM XIX.

1 The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord, which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express their great Creator's skill ;

2 The dawn of each returning day, fresh beams of knowledge brings :
From darkest night's successive rounds divine instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful language to no realm or region is confin'd :
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense thro' earth's extent display :
Whose bright contents the circling sun does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom, for his nuptials drest, has such a cheerful face ;
No giant does like him rejoice, to run his glorious race.

6 From east to west, from west to east, his restless course he goes :
And thro' his progress cheerful light and vital warmth bestows.

PART SECOND.

7 God's perfect law converts the soul, reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word the ignorant inspires.

8 The statutes of the Lord are just, and bring sincere delight :
His pure commands in search of truth assist the feeblest sight.

PSALM XX, XXI.

9 His perfect worship here is fix'd on sure foundations laid :
His equal laws are in the scales of truth and justice weigh'd.
10 Of more esteem than golden mines, or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops that from the comb distill.
11 My trusty counsellors they are, and friendly warnings give ;
Divine rewards attend on those who by thy precepts live.
12 But what frail man observes, how oft he does from virtue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret faults, thou God that knows them a
13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord, dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may the great transgression flee.
14 So shall my pray'r and praises be with thy acceptance blest ;
And I secure on thy defence, my strength and saviour, rest.

PSALM XX.

1 The Lord to thy request attend, and hear thee in distress :
The name of Jacob's God defend, and grant thy arms success.
2 To aid thee from on high repair, and strength from Sion give ;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there thy sacrifice receive.
4 To compass thy own heart's desire thy counsels still direct ;
Make kindly all events conspire to bring them to effect.
5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid we cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name display'd "the Lord accept thy pray'r."
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord our sov'reign will defend,
From heav'n resistless aid afford, and to his pray'r attend.
7 Some trust in steeds for war designed, on chariots some rely ;
Against them all we'll call to mind the pow'r of God most high.
8 But from their steeds and chariots thrown behold them thro' the plain,
Disorder'd, broke and trampled down whilst firm our troops remain.
9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed our rightful cause to bless ;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need, the pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXI.

1 The king, O Lord, with songs of praise shall in thy strength rejoice ;
With thy salvation crown'd shall raise to heav'n his cheerful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips request, not only did'st impart ;
But hast with thy acceptance blest the wishes of his heart.
3 Thy goodness and thy tender care have all his hopes out-gone :
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear and set'st it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord, did'st his short span extend ;
And graciously to him afford a life that ne'er shall end.
5 Thy sure defence thro' nations round has spread his glorious name ;
And his successful actions crown'd with majesty and fame.
6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st and mak'st his joys increase ;
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st the brightness of thy face.

PART SECOND.

7 Because the king on God alone for timely aid relies ;
His mercy still supports his throne, and all his wants supplies.

PSALM XXII.

8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes shall feel thy heavy hand ;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those that hate thy mild command.
9 When thou against them dost engage, thy just and dreadful doom,
Shall like a glowing oven's rage, their hopes and them consume.
10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease, or with their ruin end ;
But root out all their guilty race ; and to their seed extend.
11 For all their thoughts are bent on ill, their hearts on malice bent ;
(But thou with watchful care didst still the ill effects prevent.)
12 In vain by shameful flight they'll try to 'scape thy dreadful might ;
While thy swift darts shall faster fly, and gall them in their flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous strength disclose, and thus exalt thy fame ;
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose to thy almighty name.

PSALM XXII.

1 My God, my God, why leav'st thou me when I with anguish faint ?
O why so far from me remov'd, and from my loud complaint ?
2 All day, but all the day unheard, to thee I do complain :
With cries implore relief all night, but cry all night in vain.
3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge of innocence oppress'd ;
And therefore Isr'el's praises are of right to thee address'd.
4, 5 On thee our ancestor's rely'd, and thy deliv'rance found ;
With pious confidence they pray'd and with success were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a worm, like none of human birth ;
Not only by the great revil'd, but made the rabble's mirth.
7 With laughter all the gazing croud my agonies survey ;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head, and thus deriding say ;
8 " In God he trusted, boasting oft that he was heav'n's delight ;
" Let God come down to save him now, and own his favourite."

PART SECOND.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb a living offspring bear ;
When but a suckling at the breast, I was thy early care.
10 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs my helpless infant days ;
And since has been my God and guide, thro' life's bewilder'd ways.
11 Withdraw not then so far from me, when trouble is so nigh ;
O send me help ! thy help on which I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd, from Basan's forest met ;
With strength proportion'd to their rage, have me around beset.
13 They gape on me, and every mouth a yawning grave appears ;
The desart lion's savage roar less dreadful is than theirs.

PART THIRD.

14 My blood like water spill'd, my joints are rack'd and out of frame ;
My heart dissolves within my breast, like wax before the flame ;
15 My strength like potter's earth is parch'd, my tongue cleaves to my jaws ;
And to the silent shades of death my fainting soul withdraws.
16 Like blood-hounds to surround me, they in pack'd assemblies meet ;
They pierce my inoffensive hands, they pierc'd my harmless feet.

PSALM XXIII, XIV.

17 My body's rack'd till all my bones distinctly may be told :
 Yet such a spectacle of woe, as pastime they behold.

18 As spoil my garments they divide, lots for my vesture cast :

19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength, and to my succour haste.

20 From their sharp swords protect thou me (of all but life bereft !)
 Nor let thy darling in the pow'r of cruel dogs be left.

21 To save me from the lion's jaws, thy present succour send ;
 As once, from goring unicorns, thou didst my life defend ;

22 Then to my brethren I'll declare the triumphs of thy name,
 In presence of assembled saints, thy glory thus proclaim.

23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God, all you of Isr'el's line,
 "O praise the Lord, and to your praise sincere obedience join.

24 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress to cast a gracious eye ;
 "Nor turn'd from poverty his face, but hears its humble cry."

PART FOURTH.

25 Thus in thy sacred courts will I my cheerful thanks express ;
 In presence of thy saints perform the vows of my distress.

26 The meek companions of my grief shall find my table spread ;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be with joys immortal fed.

27 Then shall the glad converted world to God their homage pay,
 And scatter'd nations of the earth one sov'reign Lord obey.

28 'Tis his supreme prerogative o'er subject kings to reign :
 'Tis just that he should rule the world, who does the world sustain.

29 The rich who are with plenty fed, his bounty must confess ;
 The sons of want by him reliev'd, their gen'rous patron bless.
 With humble worship to his throne they all for aid resort ;
 That pow'r which first their beings gave, can only them support.

30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race devoted to his name,
 To their admiring heirs his truth and glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, vouchsafes to be my guide ;
 The shepherd by whose constant care my wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed, and gently there repose ;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim, and to his endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk in his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy veil of death from fear and danger free :
 For there his aiding rod and staff defend and comfort me.

5 In presence of my spiteful foes he does my table spread ;
 He crowns my cup with cheerful wine, with oil anoints my head.

6 Since God does thus his wond'rous love, through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote, and in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 This spacious earth is all the Lord's, the Lord's her fulness is ;
 The world, and they that dwell therein, by sov'reign right are his.

PSALM XXV.

2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas, and his almighty hand,
Upon inconstant floods has made the stable fabric stand.
3 But for himself, this Lord of all, one chosen seat design'd:
O ! who shall to that sacred hill deserv'd admittance find ?
4 The man whose hands and heart are pure, whose thoughts from pride are
Who honest poverty prefers to gainful perjury. [free
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord shall show'r his blessings down,
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe with righteousness to crown.
6 Such is the race of saints, by whom the sacred courts are trod ;
And such the proselytes that seek the face of Jacob's God.
7 Erect your heads, eternal gates, unfold to entertain
The King of Glory ; see, he comes with his celestial train.
8 Who is the King of Glory ? who ? the Lord for strength renown'd,
In battle mighty, o'er his foes eternal victor crown'd.
9 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold in state to entertain
The King of Glory ; see, he comes with all his shining train.
10 Who is the King of Glory ? who ? the Lord of Hosts renown'd :
Of glory he alone is King, who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, 2 To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice ;
O Let me not be put to shame, nor let my foes rejoice.
3 Those who on thee rely, let no disgrace attend ;
Be that the shameful lot of such as wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy truth impart, and lead me in thy way ;
For thou art he that brings me help, on thee I wait all day.
6 Thy mercies and thy love, O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still, as thou wert ever kind.
7 Let all my youthful crimes be blotted out by thee :
And for thy wond'rous goodness sake, in mercy think on me.
8 His mercy and his truth the righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home, and teaching them his ways.
9 He those in justice guides who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead the humble and the meek.
10 Thro' all the ways of God both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts, to his blest will incline.

PART SECOND.

11 Since mercy is the grace, that most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord, and so advance thy name.
12 Whoe'er with humble fear to God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide in all his righteous ways.
13 His quiet soul with peace shall be for ever blest,
And by his num'rous race the land successively possest.
14 For God to all his saints his sacred will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write in their obedient hearts.
15 To him I lift my eyes, and wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare, which for my feet was laid.

PSALM XXVI, XXVII.

16 O turn, and all my griefs in mercy, Lord, redress ;
For I am compass'd round with woes, and plung'd in deep distress.
17 The sorrows of my heart to mighty sums increase ;
O from this dark and dismal state my troubled soul release.
18 Do thou with tender eyes my sad afflictions see ;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt intirely set me free.
19 Consider, Lord, my foes, how vast their numbers grow !
What lawless force and rage they use, what boundless hate they show !
20 Protect and set my soul from their fierce malice free ;
Nor let me be ashamed, who place my stedfast trust in thee.
21 Let all my righteous acts to full perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant hope on thee alone relies.
22 To Isr'els chosen race continue ever kind :
And in the midst of all their wants let them thy succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 Judge me, O Lord, for I the paths of righteousness have trod ;
I cannot fail, who all my trust, repose on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search, prove my heart, whose innocence will shine the more 'tis try'd ;
For I have kept thy grace in view and made thy truth my guide.
4 I never for companions took the idle or profane ;
No hypocrite, with all his aids, could e'er my friendship gain.
5 I hate the busy plotting crew, who make distracted times ;
And shun their wicked company as I avoid their crimes.
6 I'll wash my hands in innocence, and bring a heart so pure,
That when thy altar I approach, my welcome shall secure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell how thy renown excels :
That seat affords me much delight, in which thy honour dwells.
9 Pass not on me the sinners doom, who murder make their trade ;
10 Who others rights, by secret bribes, on open force invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of truth, and innocence pursue ;
Protect me therefore, and to me thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In spite of all assaulting foes I still maintain my ground :
And shall survive amongst thy saints, thy praises to resound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 Whom should I fear since God to me his saving health and light ?
Since strongly he my life supports, what can my soul affright ?
2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear, when foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their lofty crests were made to strike the ground.
3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares with num'rous hosts to cope :
Through him, in double straits of war, for good success I hope.
4 Henceforth within his house to dwell I earnestly desire,
His wond'rous beauty there to view, and his blest will enquire :
5 For there may I with comfort rest, in times of deep distress ;
And safe as on a rock abide, in that secure recess.
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes my lofty head shall raise,
And I my joyful off'ring bring, and sing glad songs of praise.

PSALM XXVIII, XXIX.

PART SECOND.

- 7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice, whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy all my pray'rs receive, nor my request deny.
- 8 When us to seek thy glorious face thou kindly dost advise ;
" Thy glorious face I'll always seek," my grateful heart replies.
- 9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord, nor me in wrath reject ;
My God and Saviour leave not him thou didst so oft protect.
- 10 Tho' all my friends and nearest kin their helpless charge forsake,
Yet thou whose love excels them all, wilt care and pity take.
- 11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord, my ways directly guide,
Lest envious men, who watch my steps, should see me tread aside.
- 12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes, defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying lips and bloody hands against my peace conspire.
- 13 I trusted that my future life, should with thy love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting soul had sunk with sorrow compass'd round.
- 14 God's time with patient faith expect, and he'll inspire thy breast
With inward strength; do thou thy part, and leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXVIII.

- 1 O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry, in sighs consume my breath ;
O answer, or I shall become like those that sleep in death.
- 2 Regard my supplication, Lord, the cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands before thy mercy seat.
- 3 Let me escape the sinners doom, who make a trade of ill,
And ever speak the person fair, whose blood they mean to spill.
- 4 According to their crimes extent, let justice have its course ;
Relentless be to them, as they have sinn'd without remorse.
- 5 Since they the works of God despise, nor will his grace adore,
His wrath shall utterly destroy, and build them up no more.
- 6 But I, with due acknowledgment, his praises will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress a gracious answer found.
- 7 My heart its confidence repos'd in God, my strength and shield ;
In him I trusted, and return'd triumphant from the field.
As he has made my joys complete, 'tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks, and thus resound his praise :
- 8 " His aiding pow'r supports the troops that my just cause maintain :
" 'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne, 'tis he secures my reign."
- 9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed thine heritage to bless ;
With plenty prosper them in peace ; in battle with success.

PSALM XXIX.

- 1 Ye princes that in might excel, your grateful sacrifice prepare ;
God's glorious actions loudly tell, his wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
- 2 To his great name fresh altars raise, devoutly due respect afford ;
Him in his holy temple praise, where he's with solemn state ador'd.
- 3 'Tis he that with amazing noise the wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks ;
The ocean trembles at his voice, when he from heav'n in thunder speaks.

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The ocean trembles at his voice, when he from heav'n in thunder speaks.

PSALM XXX, XXXI.

4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears! with what majestic terror crown'd!
Which from the roots tall cedars tears, and strews their scatter'd
branches round.

6 They and the hills on which they grow, are sometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like hinds that bounding go, or unicorns in youthful play.

7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks, and scatter'd flames of light'-
ing sends,
The forest nods, the desert quakes, and stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

9 He makes the hinds to cast their young, and lays the beasts dark covers
bare;
While those that to his courts belong, securely sing his praises there.

10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high; his boundless sway shall never
cease;
His people he'll with strength supply, and bless his own with constant
peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord, who didst thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check my foes insulting joy.

2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee, who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws, my hopeless life retrieve.

4 Thus to his courts ye saints of his with songs of praise repair,
With me commemorate his truth, and providential care.

5 His wrath has but a moment's reign, his favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompenc'd with joys returning day.

6 But I in prosp'rous days presum'd; no sudden change I fear'd,
Whilst in my sun-shine of success no low'ring cloud appear'd.

7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord, my empire's only trust;
For when thou hid'st thy face I saw my honour laid in dust.

8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd my error I confess'd,
And thus with supplicating voice, thy mercy's throne address'd.

9 "What profit is there in my blood, conjeal'd by death's cold night?
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise, thy wond'rous truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear, thy wonted aid extend;
"Do thou send help, on which alone I can for help depend."

11 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful scene to songs and dances turn'd;
Invested me with robes of state, who late in sackcloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing thy praise in grateful verse;
And as thy favours endless are, thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

1 Defend me, Lord, from shame, for still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy name, from danger set me free.

2 Bow down thine gracious ear, and speedy succour send;
Do thou my stedfast rock appear, to shelter and defend.

3 Since thou, when foes oppress, my rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress, thy wonted help impart.

4 Release me from the snare which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God, my strength, repair to thee alone for aid.

PSALM XXXII.

5 To thee, the God of truth, my life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth) I willingly resign.
6 All vain designs I hate, of those that trust in lies ;
And still my soul, in ev'ry state, to God for succour flies.

PART SECOND.

7 Those mercies thou hast shown I'll chearfully express ;
For thou hast seen my straits, and known my soul in deep distress.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous race did all my strength enclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space to shun my watchful foes.
9 Thy mercy, Lord, display, and hear my just complaint ;
For both my soul and flesh decay, with grief and hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my life oppress, my years are spent in groans ;
My sins have made my strength decrease, and ev'n consum'd my bones.
11 My foes my suff'rings mock'd, my neighbours did upbraid ;
My friends at sight of me were shock'd, and fled as men dismay'd.
12 Forsook by all am I, as dead, and out of mind ;
And like a shatter'd vessel lie, whose parts can ne'er be join'd.
13 Yet sland'rous words they speak, and seem my pow'r to dread,
Whilst they together counsel take, my guiltless blood to shed.
14 But still my stedfast trust, I on thy help repose ;
That thou, my God, art good and just, my soul with comfort knows.

PART THIRD.

15 Whate'er events betide, thy wisdom times them all,
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide from those that seek his fall.
16 The brightness of thy face to me, O Lord, disclose ;
And, as thy mercies still increase, preserve me from my foes.
17 Me from dishonour save, who still have call'd on thee :
Let that, and silence in the grave, the sinner's portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues restrain, whose breath in lies is spent ;
Who false reports, with proud disdain, against the righteous vent.
19 How great thy mercies are to such as fear thy name !
Which thou, for those that trust thy care, dost to the world proclaim.
20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight, from proud oppressors free :
From tongues that do in strife delight they are preserv'd by thee.
21 With glory and renown God's name be ever bless'd ;
Whose love in Keilah's well-fenc'd town was wond'rously express'd !
22 I said in hasty flight, " I'm banish'd from thine eyes ;"
Yet still thou keep'st me in thy sight, and heard'st my earnest cries.
23 O all ye saints, the Lord with eager love pursue,
Who to the just will help afford, and give the proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely, courageously proceed :
For he will still your hearts supply with strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 He's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd no more in judgment to appear ;
2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd, and whose repentance is sincere.

PSALM XXXIII.

3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore, my bones consum'd without relief :
All day did I with anguish roar, but no complaint asswag'd my grief.

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd, by day and night alike distress'd ;
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd, like land with summers drought opprest.

5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd, the guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd, and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

6 True penitents shall thus succeed, who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found.
And from the common deluge freed, shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress, my tow'r of refuge I must own ;
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress, and me with songs of triumph crown.

8 In my instruction then confide, you that wou'd truth's safe paths descry,
Your progress I'll securely guide, and keep you in my watchful eye.

9 Submit yourself to wisdom's rules, like men that reason have attain'd :
Not like the ungovern'd horse and mule, whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

10 Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd, the harden'd sinners shall confound,
But them who in his truth confide, blessings of mercy shall surround.

11 His saints that have perform'd his laws their life in triumphs shall employ ;
Let them (as they alone have cause) in greater raptures shout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 Let all the just to God with joy their cheerful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes to sing glad songs of praise.

2, 3 Let harps and psalteries, and lutes in joyful comfort meet,
And new made songs or loud applause the harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the word of God, his works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth is with his goodness crown'd.

6 By his almighty word at first heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light at his command appear'd.

7 The swelling floods together roll'd, he makes in heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a storehouse safe, the wat'ry treasures by.

8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein, before him trembling stand :
For when he spake the word, 'twas made, 'twas fix'd at his command.

10 He, when the heathen's closely plot, their counsels undermines ;
His wisdom ineffectual makes the peoples rash designs.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart to ages shall endure.

PART SECOND.

12 How happy then are they to whom the Lord for God is known !
Whom he from all the world besides has chosen for his own !

13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth from heav'n his throne survey'd ;
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts, by him their hearts were made.

16, 17 No King is safe by num'rous hosts, their strength the strong deceives ;
No manag'd horse, by force or speed, his warlike rider saves :

PSALM XXXIV.

18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him, behold with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want, in time of dearth, supplies.
20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits, our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice, because we trust in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord, do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wish, on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 Thro' all the changing scenes of life, in trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still my heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast, till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take, and charm their griefs to rest.
3 O magnify the Lord with me, with me exalt his name:
4 When in distress to him I call'd, he to my rescue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd who look'd to him for aid;
Desir'd success in ev'ry face a cheerful air display'd.
6 "Behold (say they) behold the man whom Providence reliev'd:
"So dangerously with woes beset, so wond'rously retriev'd."
7 The hosts of God encamp 'round the dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all who on his succour trust.
8 O make but trial of his love, experience will decide
How bless'd they are, and only they, who in his truth confide.
9 Fear him ye saints, and you will then have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight, he'll make your wants his care.
10 While hungry lions lack their prey, the Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him, and see their needs supply'd.

PART SECOND.

11 Approach ye piously dispos'd, and my instruction hear,
I'll teach you the true discipline of his religious fear.
12 Let him who length of life desires, and prosp'rous days would see,
13 From sland'ring language keep his tongue, his lips from falsehood free.
14 The crooked paths of vice decline, and virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun, and where 'tis lost renew.
15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just with favourable eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear is open to their cries:
16 But turns his wrathful look on those whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth blot out their hated name.
17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives, when his relief they crave:
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart, and contrite spirit save.
19 The wicked oft, but still in vain, against the just conspire;
20 For under their affliction's weight he keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked from their wicked arts their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest, shall them and theirs survive.
22 For God preserves the souls of those who on his truth depend,
To them and their posterity his blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXV.

PSALM XXXV.

- 1 Against all those that strive with me, O Lord, assert my right ;
With such as war unjustly wage do thou my battles fight.
- 2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield upon thy warlike arm ;
Stand up, my God, in my defence, and keep me safe from harm.
- 3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course that haste my blood to spill :
Say to my soul, " I am thy health, and will preserve thee still."
- 4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er, who my destruction sought :
And such as did my harm devise, be to confusion brought.
- 5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like chaff before the driving wind :
God's vengeful minister of wrath shall follow close behind.
- 6 And when through dark and slipp'ry ways they strive his rage to shun,
His vengeful ministers of wrath shall goad them as they run.
- 7 Since unprovok'd by any wrong, they hid ther treach'rous snare ;
And for my harmless soul a pit did without cause prepare.
- 8 Surpris'd by mischiefs unforeseen, by there own arts betray'd,
Their feet shall fall into the net, which they for me had laid.
- 9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great name for this deliv'rance bless ;
And by his saving health secur'd, its grateful joy express.
- 10 My very bones shall say, O Lord, who can compare with thee,
Who sett'st the poor and helpless man from strong oppressors free ?

PART SECOND.

- 11 False witnesses with forg'd complaints against my truth combin'd ;
And to my charge such things they laid as I had ne'er design'd.
- 12 The good which I to them had done, with evil they repaid ;
And did, by malice undeserv'd, my harmless life invade.
- 13 But as for me, when they were sick, I still in sackcloth mourn'd :
I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r to my own breast return'd.
- 14 Had they my friends or brethren been, I could have done no more ;
Nor with more decent signs of grief, a mother's loss deplore.
- 15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove, in times of my distress ?
When they, in crouds together met, did savage joy express.
The rabble too, in num'rous throngs, by their example came ;
And ceas'd not, with reviling words, to wound my spotless fame.
- 16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt, and earn their bread with lies,
Did gnash their teeth, and sland'rous jests maliciously devise.
- 17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on ? on my behalf appear ;
And save my guiltless soul, which they, like rav'ning beasts, would tear.

PART THIRD.

- 18 So I before the list'ning world, shall grateful thanks express,
And where the great assembly meets, thy name with praises bless.
- 19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes, who me unjustly hate,
With open joy, and secret signs, to mock my sad estate.
- 20 For they with hearts averse from peace, industriously devise,
Against the men of quiet minds, to forge malicious lies.

PSALM XXXVI, XXXVII.

21 Nor with these private arts content, aloud they vent their spite ;
And say, " At last we found him out, he did it in our sight."

22 But thou, who dost both them and me, with righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord, and keep not far away.

23 Sir up thyself in my behalf, to judgment, Lord, awake ;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God, to thy decision take.

24 Lord, as my heart has upright been, let me thy justice find ;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain the triumph they design'd.

25 O let them not amongst themselves in boasting language say
" At length our wishes are complete, at last he's made our prey."

26 Let such as in my harm rejoic'd, for shame their faces hide ;
And foul dishonour wait on those that proudly me defy'd :

27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout, who my just cause befriend :
And bless the Lord, who loves to make success his saints attend.

28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing, inspir'd with grateful joy :
And cheerful hymns, in praise of thee, shall all my days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 My crafty foe, with flatt'ring art, his wicked purpose would disguise ;
But reason whispers to my heart, no fear of God's before his eyes.

2 He sooths himself retir'd from sight, secure he thinks his treach'rous
game ;
Till his dark plots, expos'd to light, their false contriver brand with
shame.

3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd, whilst with his tongue he speaks me
fair ;
True wisdom's banish'd from his breast, and vice has sole dominion
there.

4 His wakeful malice spends the night in forging his accurst designs,
His obstinate ungen'rous spite, no execrable means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope, the highest orb of heav'n transcends,
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope beyond the spreading skies extends.

6 Thy justice like the hills remains, unfathom'd depths thy judgments
are ;
Thy providence the world sustains, the whole creation is thy care.

7 Since of thy goodness all partake, with what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make, and saints to thy protection
trust ?

8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led, to banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head, of joys that shall for ever last.

9 With thee the springs of life remain, thy presence is eternal day ;

10 O let thy saints thy favour gain ; to upright hearts thy truth display.

11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn, and wicked hand my life
surprise ;

12 Their mischiefs on themselves return ; down, down they're fall'n
no more to rise.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 Tho' wicked men grow rich or great, yet let not their successful state,
Thy anger or thy envy raise :

PSALM XXXVII.

2 For they cut down like tender grass, or like young flowers away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

3 Depend on God, and him obey, so thou within the land shall stay,
Secure from danger and from want :

4 Make his commands thy chief delight, and he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord, and he will needful help afford,
To perfect ev'ry just design ;

6 He'll make, like light serene and clear, thy cloudy innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

7 With quiet mind on God depend, and patiently for him attend ;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise,
Tho' wicked men with wealth abound, and with success the plots are
crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.

8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake, let no ungovern'd passion make
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime :

9 For God shall sinful men destroy, whilst only they the land enjoy
Who trust on him, and wait his time.

10 How soon shall wicked men decay ! their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found :

11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth, rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

PART SECOND.

12 While sinful crowds, with false design, against the righteous few
combine,
And gnash their teeth, and threat'ning stand :

13 God shall their empty plots deride, and laugh at their defeated pride ;
He sees their ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow, the poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay ;

15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke, their sharpen'd weapons
mortal stroke
Thro' their own hearts shall force its way.

16 A little, with God's favour blest, that's by one righteous man possess'd,
The wealth of many bad excels :

17 For God supports the just man's cause, but as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.

18 His constant care the upright guides, and over all their life presides,
Their portion shall for ever last ;

19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth shall be unmov'd, and ev'n
in dearth
The happy fruits of plenty taste.

20 Not so the wicked men and those who proudly dare God's will oppose ;
Destruction is their hapless share :
Like fat of lambs, their hopes and they shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

PART THIRD.

21 While sinners, brought to sad decay, still borrow on, and never pay,
The just have will and pow'r to give ;

PSALM XXXVIII.

22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless shall peaceably the earth possess,
And those he curses shall not live.
23 The good man's way is God's delight, he orders all the steps aright,
Of him that moves by his command;
24 Tho' he sometimes may be distress'd, yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.
25 From my first youth till age prevail'd, I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'er take his num'rous race;
26 Because compassion fill'd his heart, and he did chearfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase.
27 With caution shun each wicked deed, in virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
28 For God, who judgment loves, does still preserve his saints secure from
ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.
29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land, his portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supply'd,
His tongue by rules of judgment moves, his heart the law of God ap-
proves,
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART FOURTH.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies, in vain the righteous to surprise,
In vain his ruin doth decree;
33 God will not him defenceless leave, to his revenge expos'd, but save,
And, when he's sentenc'd, set him free.
34 Wait still on God, keep his command, and thou exalted in the land,
Thy bless'd possessions ne'er shall quit.
The wicked soon destroy'd shall be, and at his dismal tragedy,
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.
35 The wicked I in power have seen, and like a bay-tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
36 But he was gone as quick as thought, and tho' in ev'ry place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.
37 Observe the perfect man with care, and mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.
39 God to the just will aid afford, their only safeguard is the Lord;
Their strength in time of need is he:
40 Because on him they still depend, the Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

¹ Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain, tho' I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm of thy displeasure fall.
² In ev'ry wretched part of me thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight I can no more sustain.
³ My flesh is one continued wound, thy wrath so fiercely glows;

PSALM XXXIX.

Betwixt my punishment and guilt, my bones have no repose.

4 My sins which to a deluge swell, my sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear, too vast a burden grow.

5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds, my folly's just return ;
6 With trouble I am wrap'd and bow'd, and all day long I mourn.

7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins, infecting ev'ry part :
8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar, thro' anguish of my heart.

PART SECOND.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes all my desires appear :
And sure my groans have been too loud, not to have reach'd thine ear.

10 My heart's opprest, my strength decay'd, my eyes depriv'd of light :
11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen, gaze a loof on such a dismal sight.

12 Mean while the foes that seek my life, their snares to take me set :
Vent slanders, and contrive all day to forge some new deceit.

13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb, nor heard, nor once reply'd :
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue with conscious guilt is
ty'd.

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal, my innocence to clear ;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God, my injur'd cause wilt hear.

16 "Hear me, said I, lest my proud foes a spiteful joy display,
"Insulting if they see my foot but once to go astray."

17 And with continual grief opprest, to sink I now begin :
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess, to thee bewail my sin.

19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes their strength and vigour boast ;
And they who hate me without cause, are grown a dreadful host.

20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd return my kindness with despite ;
And are my enemies, because I chuse the path that's right.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God, nor far from me depart ;
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou, who my salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 Resolv'd to watch o'er all my ways, I kept my tongue in awe ;
I curb'd my hasty words when I the prosp'rous wicked saw.

2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood, and did my tongue refrain
From good discourse ; but that restraint increas'd my inward pain.

3 My heart did glow, which working thoughts did hot and restless make ;
And warm reflections fann'd the fire, till thus at length I spake :

4 Lord, let me know my term of days how soon my life will end ;
The num'rous train of ills disclose which this frail state attend.

5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span, a cypher sums my years :
And ev'ry man in best estate, but vanity appears.

6 Man like a shadow vainly walks, with fruitless cares oppress'd ;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell by whom 'twill be possess'd.

7 Why then should I on worthless toys with anxious care attend ?
On thee alone my stedfast hope shall ever, Lord, depend.

8, 9 Forgive my sins, nor let me scorn'd by foolish sinners be ;
For I was dumb and murmur'd not, because 'twas done by thee.

PSALM XL.

- 10 The dreadful burthen of thy wrath, in mercy soon remove ;
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear the heavy load should prove.
- 11 For when thou chast'nest man for sin, thou mak'st his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he) like cloth by fretting moths decay'd.
- 12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears, and listen to my pray'r ;
Who sojourns like a stranger here, as all my fathers were.
- 13 O spare me yet a little time, my wasted strength restore ;
Before I vanish quite from hence, and shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL.

- 1 I waited meekly for the Lord, 'till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply ;
Who did his gracious ear afford, and heard from heav'n my humble cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal pit, when founder'd deep in miry clay ;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet, and suffer'd not my steps to stray.
- 3 The wonders he for me has wrought shall fill my mouth with songs of
praise ;
And others, to his worship brought, to hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
- 4 For blessings shall that man reward who on the almighty Lord relies ;
Who treats the proud with disregard, and hates the hypocrites disguise.
- 5 Who can the wond'rous works recount, which thou, O God, for us
hast wrought ?
The treasures of thy love surmount the pow'r of numbers, speech, and
thought.
- 6 I've learnt that thou hast not desired off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd for man's transgression to atone.
- 7 I therefore come—come to fulfil the oracles thy books impart :
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will ; thy law is written in my heart.

PART SECOND.

- 9 In full assemblies I have told thy truth and righteousness at large :
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips with-hold from utt'ring what thou gav'st
in charge.
- 10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd thy faithfulness and saving grace ;
But preach'd thy love for all designed, that all might that and truth
embrace.
- 11 Then let those mercies I declar'd to others, Lord, extend to me :
Thy loving kindness my reward, thy truth my safe protection be.
- 12 For I with troubles am distress'd, too vast and numberless to bear ;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd, that plunge and sink me to despair.
- 13 As soon, alas ! may I recount the hairs on this afflicted head :
My vanquish'd courage they surmount, and fill my drooping soul with
dread.

PART THIRD.

- 14 But, Lord, to my relief draw near, for never was more pressing need !
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliv'rance speed.
- 15 Confusion on their heads return, who to destroy my soul combine ;
Let them defeated, blush and mourn, ensnar'd in their own vile design.

PSALM XLI, XLII.

16 Their doom let desolation be, with shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock my confidence in thee, and sport of my affliction made.
17 While those who humbly seek thy face to joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace, with me resound, the Lord be prais'd.
18 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor, of meth' almighty Lord takes care:
Thou, God, who only canst restore, to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 Happy the man whose tender care relieves the poor distress'd :
When he's by trouble compass'd round, the Lord shall give him rest.
2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd, in safety shall prolong ;
And disappoint the will of those that seek to do him wrong.
3 If he in languishing estate opprest with sickness lie ;
The Lord will easy make his bed, and inward strength supply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God, I thus my pray'r address'd :
" Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul, tho' I have much transgress'd."
5 My cruel foes, with sland'rous words, attempt to wound my fame ;
" When shall he die (say they) and men forget his very name ?"
6 Suppose they formal visits make, it's all but empty show ;
They gather mischief in their hearts, and vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private whispers, such as these, to hurt me they devise ;
" A sore disease afflicts him now, he's fall'n no more to rise."
9 My own familiar bosom friend, on whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose daily guest he was, with open scorn defy'd.
10 But thou my sad and wretched state, in mercy, Lord, regard ;
And raise me up, that all their crimes may meet their just reward.
11 By this I know thy gracious ear is open when I call ;
Because thou suffer'st not my foes to triumph in my fall.
12 Thy tender care secures my life from danger and disgrace ;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still before thy glorious face.
13 Let therefore Isr'el's Lord and God from age to age be bless'd ;
And all the people's glad applause with loud Amens express'd.

PSALM LXII.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams, when heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, and thy refreshing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God, my thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy face, thou Majesty divine !
3 Tears are my constant food, while thus insulting foes upbraid :
" Deluded wretch, where's now thy God ? and where his promis'd aid ?"
4 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts those happy days present,
When I with troops of pious friends thy temple did frequent.
When I advanc'd with songs of praise my solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng that kept the festal-day.
5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul, trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs to thankful hymns of joy.
6 My soul's cast down, O God, but thinks on thee and Sion still ;
From Jordan's bank, from Herman's heights, and Missar's humbler hill.

PSALM XLIII, XLIV.

7 One trouble calls another on, and bursting o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul a roaring sea is spread.
8 But when thy presence, Lord of Life, has once dispell'd this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing, and all my vows perform.
9 God of my strength, how long shall I, like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd to my oppressor's scorn.
10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword, whilst thus my foes upbraid,
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God? and where his promis'd aid?"
11 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? hope still and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God, thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 Just judge of heav'n; against my foes do thou assert my injur'd right:
O set me free, my God, from those that in deceit and wrong delight.
2 Since thou art still my only stay, why leav'st thou me in deep distress,
Why go I mourning all the day, whilst me insulting foes oppress?
3 Let me with light and truth be bless'd be these by guides to lead the way;
Till on thy holy hill I rest, and in thy sacred temple pray.
4 Then will I there fresh altars raise to God, who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise, shall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why then cast down, my soul, and why so much oppress'd with anxious
care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely, who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told, in our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd, and elder times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, did'st drive the heathen from this land;
Dispeopled by repeated strokes of thy avenging hand.
3 For, not their courage, nor their sword to them possession gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force their fainting troops could save:
But thy right hand and pow'rful arm whose succour they implor'd,
Thy presence with the chosen race, who thy great name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our fathers own'd, thou art our sovereign king;
O therefore, as thou didst to them, to us deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious name our arms the proudest foes shall quell,
And crush them with repeated strokes as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword, when I in fight engage;
7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd, and sham'd their spiteful rage.
8 To thee the triumph we ascribe, from whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day, and ever bless his name.

PART SECOND.

9 But thou hast cast us off, and now most shamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead our armies to the field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart foe we turn our backs in fight;
And with our spoil their malice feast who bear us ancient spite.

PSALM XLV.

11 To slaughter doom'd, we fall like sheep, into their butch'ring hands :
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive dispers'd thro' heathen lands.
12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves, and set their price so low,
That not thy treasure by the sale, but their disgrace might grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round, and heathens by-word grown,
Whose scorn of us is both in speech and mocking gestures shown.
15 Confusion strikes me blind, my face in conscious shame I hide,
16 While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd, by their licentious pride.

PART THIRD.

17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n, all this we have endur'd ;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name or faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous paths have kept our hearts and steps with care ;
19 Tho' thou hast broken all our strength, and we almost despair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great name, on other Gods rely,
21 And not the searcher of all hearts the treach'rous crime descry.
22 Thou seest what suff'rings, for thy sake, we ev'ry day sustain ;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like sheep appointed to be slain.
23 Awake, arise ; let seeming sleep no longer thee detain ;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee, for ever sue in vain.
24 O wherefore hidest thou thy face, from our afflicted state,
25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth, with grief's oppres sive weight ?
26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste to our deliv'rance make ;
Redeem us, Lord—if not for ours, yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 While I the king's loud praise rehearse indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him that writes with ready art.
2 How matchless is thy form, O King ? thy mouth with grace o'erflows :
Because fresh blessings God on thee eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince, and clad in rich array :
With glorious ornaments of pow'r majestic pomp display.
4 Ride on in state, and still protect, the meek, the just, and true ;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge, does all thy foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy weapons are to them that dare thy pow'r oppose !
Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart the feather'd arrow goes.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd for ever to endure ;
Thy scepter's sway shall always last, by righteous laws secure.
7 Because thy heart, by justice led, did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths where wand'ring sinners rove.
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee the oil of gladness shed ;
And has above thy fellows round advanc'd thy lofty head.
8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh, thy royal robes abound ;
Which from the stately wardrobe brought spread grateful odours round.
9 Among the honourable train, did princely virgins wait :
The queen was plac'd at thy right hand, in golden robes of state.

PSALM XLVI, XLVII.

PART SECOND.

- 10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear, and to my words attend ;
Forget thy native country now, and ev'ry former friend.
- 11 So shall thy beauty charm the King, nor shall his love decay ;
For he is now become thy Lord, to him due rev'rence pay.
- 12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud, shall humble presents make ;
And all the wealthy nations sue, thy favour to partake.
- 13 The king's fair daughter's beauteous soul all inward graces fill :
Her raiment is of purest gold, adorn'd with costly skill.
- 14 She in her nuptial garments dress'd, with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin-train, shall to the king be brought.
- 15 With all the state of solemn joy the triumph moves along,
Till with wide gates the royal court receives the pompous throng.
- 16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room, must princely sons expect ;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send to govern and protect.
- 17 Whilst this my song to future times transmits thy glorious name ;
And makes the world, with one consent, thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

- 1 God is our refuge in distress, a present help when dangers press ;
To him undaunted we'll confide :
- 2, 3 Tho' earth were from her center toss'd and mountians in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 4 A gentler stream with gladness still the city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high :
- 5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs shall mock the assaults of earthly
pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
- 6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd, and kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs :
- 7 The Lord of hosts conduct our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers guardian God and ours.
- 8 Come see the wonders He hath wrought, on earth what desolation
brought,
How he has calm'd the jarring world :
- 9 He broke the warlike spear and bow ; with them the thund'ring cha-
riots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
- 10 Submit to God's almighty sway, for him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess.
- 11 The God of hosts conduct our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII.

- 1, 2 O all ye people, clap your hands, and with triumphant voices sing ;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands of God the universal King.

PSALM XLVIII, XLIX.

3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell, and with success our battles fight ;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell, the pride of Jacob, his delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King, with shouts of joy and trumpets
sound ;
To him repeated praises sing, and let the cheerful song go round.
7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shewn, for him who all the world com-
mands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne, and spreads his sway o'er heathen
lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence t'adore the God of Abr'am
came,
Found him their constant sure defence, how great and glorious is his
name.

PSALM XLVIII.

1 The Lord, the only God, is great, and greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount his sacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth, with beauteous prospect rise :
On her north side the almighty King's imperial city lies.
3 God in her palaces is known, his presence is her guard.
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their siege, and of success despair'd.
5 They view'd their walls, admir'd, and fled, with grief and terror struck ;
6 Like women, whom the sudden pangs of travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarshish wealthy coasts, by eastern winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have seen perform'd, a work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come, his city will uphold.
9 Not in our fortresses and walls, did we, O God, confide ;
But on the temple fix'd our hopes in which thou dost reside.
10 According to thy sov'reign name, thy praise thro' earth extends ;
Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides, chastises or defends.
11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound, her daughters all be taught,
In songs his judgment to extol, who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp, your eyes quite round her cast ;
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there you find one stone displac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces survey, observe their order well ;
That with assurance, to your heirs, this wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours, whilst we in him confide ;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now, till death will be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2 Let all the list'ning world attend, and my instructions hear ;
Let high and low, and rich and poor, with joint consent give ear.
3 My mouth, with sacred wisdom fill'd, shall good advice impart,
The sound result of prudent thoughts, digested in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty sense, I will my ear incline ;
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing dark words of deep design.
5 Why should my courage fail in times of danger and of doubt ?
When sinners that would me supplant have compass'd me about ?

PSALM L.

6 Those men that all their hope and trust in heaps of treasure place,
And boast and triumph when they see their ill-got wealth increase,
7 Are yet unable from the grave their dearest friend to free ;
Nor can by force of costly bribes reverse God's firm decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit, the price is held too high ;
No sum can purchase such a grant, that man should never die.
10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt, nor fools their folly save ;
But both must perish, and in death their wealth to others leave.
11 For tho' they think their stately seat, shall ne'er to ruin fall ;
But their remembrance last, in lands which by their names they call :
12 Yet shall their name be soon forgot, how great soe'er their state ;
With beasts their memory and they shall share one common fate.

PART SECOND.

13 How great their folly is, who thus absurd conclusions make !
And yet their children, unreclaim'd, repeat the gross mistake.
14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led, the prey of death are made ;
Their beauty, while the just rejoice, within the grave shall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my soul, and from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r shall set me free, and to himself receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men in envy'd wealth abound,
Nor tho' their prosp'rous house increase, with state and honour crown'd.
17 For when they'resummon'd hence by death, they leave all this behind ;
No shadow of their former pomp within the grave they find :
18 And yet they thought their state was bless'd, caught in the flatt'rer's
snare,
Who praises those that slight all else, and of themselves take care.
19 In their forefathers steps they tread ; and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors and they in endless darkness lie.
20 For man, how great soe'er his state, unless he's truly wise,
As, like a sensual beast he lives, so, like a beast, he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2 The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light, till day declines ;
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard, and he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.
3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more, misconstru'd silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send ;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage, while he does heav'n and earth
engage,
His just tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me, (thus runs the great divine decree)
That in my lasting cov'nant live ;
And off'rings bring with constant care ; (the heav'n his justice shall
declare),
For God himself shall sentence give.
7 Attend, my people Isr'el, hear ; thy strong accuser I'll appear ;
Thy God, thy only God am I ;

PSALM LI.

8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain, which, daily in my temple slain,
 My sacred altar did supply.

9 Will this alone atonement make? no bullock from my stall I'll take,
 Nor he-goat from thy fold accept;

10 The forest beasts that range alone, the cattle too are all my own
 That on a thousand hills are kept.

11 I know the fowls that build their nest, in craggy rocks; and savage
 beasts,
 That loosely haunt the open fields:

12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be, I need not seek relief from thee,
 Since the world's mine, and all it yields. [feed,

13 Think'st thou that I have any need on slaughter'd bulls, and goats to
 To eat their flesh, and drink their blood.

14 The sacrifices I require are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
 And vows with strictest care made good.

15 In time of trouble call on me, and I will set thee safe and free;
 And thou returns of praise shalt make:

16 But to the wicked thus saith God, how dar'st thou teach my laws
 abroad,
 Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?

17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin, hast proof against instruction been,
 And of my word didst lightly speak:

18 When thou a subtle thief did see, thou gladly didst with him agree,
 And with adulter'r's didst partake.

19 Vile slander is thy chief delight, thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and spite,
 Deceitful tales doth hourly spread;

20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound thy brother, and with lyes
 confound
 The offspring of thy mother's bed:

21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove to gain with silence and
 with love;
 Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
 That I was such a one as thou; but I'll reprove and shame thee now,
 And set thy sins before thine eyes.

22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
 Whilst none shall dare your cause to own.

23 Who praises me due honour gives; and to the man that justly lives
 My strong salvation shall be shown.

PSALM LI.

1 Have mercy, Lord, on me, as thou wert ever kind;
 Let me opprest with loads of guilt, thy wonted mercy find.

2, 3 Wash off my foul offence, and cleanse me from my sin;
 For I confess my crime, and see how great my guilt has been.

4 Against thee, Lord, alone, and only in thy sight,
 Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd, must own thy judgments right.

5 In guilt each part was form'd of all this sinful frame;
 In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born the heir of sin and shame.

6 Yet thou, whose searching eye doth inward truth require,
 In secret didst with wisdom's laws, my tender soul inspire.

PSALM LII, LIII.

7 With hyssop purge me, Lord, and so I clean shall be :
I shall with snow in whiteness vie, when purify'd by thee.

8 Make me to hear with joy, thy kind forgiving voice ;
That so the bones which thou hast broke, may with fresh strength rejoice.

9, 10 Blot out my crying sins, nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean, an upright mind renew.

PART SECOND.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help, nor cast me from thy sight :
Nor let thy holy spirit take its everlasting flight.

12 The joy thy favours give let me again obtain ;
And thy free spirit's firm support my fainting soul sustain.

13 So I thy righteous ways to sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men to thy just laws convert.

14 My guilt of blood remove, my Saviour and my God ;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell thy righteous acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my lips, with sorrow clos'd and shame :
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise to all the world proclaim,

16 Could sacrifice atone, whole flocks and herds should die ;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st to cast a gracious eye.

17 A broken spirit is by God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken contrite heart shall never be despis'd.

18 Let Sion favour find, of thy good-will assur'd ;
And thy own city flourish long by lofty walls secur'd.

19 The just shall then attend, and pleasing tribute pay :
And sacrifice of choicest kind upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 In vain, O man of lawless might, thou boast'st thyself in ill :
Since God, the God in whom I trust, vouchsafes his favour still.

2 Thy wicked tongue doth sland'rous tales maliciously devise :
And sharper than a razor set, it wounds with treach'rous lies.

3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good, on lies than truth employ'd ;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which the guiltless are destroy'd.

5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes, and snatch thee soon away :
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit, nor in the world to stay.

6 The just, with pious fear, shall see the downfall of thy pride ;
And at thy sudden ruin laugh, and thus thy fall deride :

7 " See there the man that haughty was, who proudly God defy'd,
" Who trusted in his wealth, and still on wicked arts rely'd."

8 But I am like those olive-plants, that shade God's temple round ;
And hope with his indulgent grace to be for ever crown'd.

9 So shall my soul, with praise, O God, extol thy wond'rous love ;
And on thy name with patience wait ; for this thy saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 The wicked fools must sure suppose that God is but a name :
This gross mistake their practice shows since virtue all disclaim.

PSALM LIV, LV.

2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'rs the sons of men to view;
To see if any own'd his pow'r, or truth or justice knew.
3 But all he saw, were backwards gone, degen'rate grown, and base;
None for religion car'd, not one of all the sinful race.
4 But are those workers of deceit so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat, and God's just pow'r disown?
5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow: and they, despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd; his hand shall throw their shatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his saving pow'r employ, to break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy should echo thro' the land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 Lord, save me, for thy glorious name, and in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r, and to my words give ear.
3 Mere strangers, whom I never wrong'd, to ruin me design'd;
And cruel men that fear no God, against my soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends, and he's the surest guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes their falsehood's just reward:
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring and sacrifice with joy:
And in his praise my time to come delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and distress the Lord hath set me free;
Thro' him shall I of all my foes the just destruction see.

PSALM LV.

1 Give ear, thou judge of all the earth, and listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn thy glorious face away.
2 Attend to this my sad complaint, and hear my grievous moans:
Whilst I my mournful case declare with artless sighs and groans.
3 Hark! how the foe insults aloud, how fierce oppressors rage!
Whose sland'rous tongues with wrathful hate against my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul with deadly frights distrest;
With fear and trembling compass'd round, with horror quite opprest.
6 How often wish'd I then, that I the dove's swift wings could get;
That I might take my speedy flight, and seek a safe retreat!
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence, and in wild desarts stray,
Till all this furious storm were spent, this tempest past away.

PART SECOND.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs, their counsels soon divide:
For through the city my griev'd eyes have strife and rapine 'spy'd.
10 By day and night on ev'ry wall they walk'd their constant round:
And in the midst of all her strength, are grief and mischief found.
11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam, with fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant posts maintain in ev'ry street.
12 For 'twas not any open foe that false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne the bitter things he said:

PSALM LVI.

"I'was none who hatred had profest, that did against me rise
For then I had withdrawn myself from his malicious eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, and friend, whom tend'rest love did
join ;
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most, whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15 Sure vengeance equal to their crimes, such traitors must surprize :
And sudden death requite those ills, they wickedly devise !
16, 17 But I will call on God, who still shall in my aid appear ;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray, and he my voice shall hear.

PART THIRD.

18 God has releas'd my soul from those that did with me contend ;
And made a num'rous host of friends my righteous cause defend.
19 For he who was my help of old, shall now his suppliant hear ;
And punish them whose prosp'rous state makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful friend, and break the strongest ties ? -
21 Tho' soft and melting are their words, their hearts with war abound ;
Their speeches are more smooth than oil, and yet like swords they wound.
22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend, and he shall thee sustain ;
He aids the just, whom to supplant the wicked strive in vain.
23 My foes, that trade in lyes and blood, shall all untimely die ;
Whilst I for health and length of days on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 Do thou, O God, in mercy help, for man my life pursues ;
To crush me with repeated wrongs, he daily strife renewes.
2 Continually my spiteful foes to ruin me combine ;
Thou see'st, who sit'st enthron'd on high, what mighty numbers join.
3 But tho' sometimes surpriz'd by fear, (on dangers first alarm)
Yet still for succour I depend on thy almighty arm.
4 God's faithful promise I shall praise, on which I now rely :
In God I trust, and trusting him, the arm of flesh defy.
5 They wrest my words, and make 'em spake a sense they never meant :
Their thoughts are all with restless spite, on my destruction bent.
6 In close assemblies they combine, and wicked projects lay :
They watch my steps, and lie in wait, to make my soul their prey.
7 Shall such injustice still escape ? O righteous God, arise ;
Let thy just wrath (too long provok'd) this impious race chastise.
8 Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring steps, since first compell'd to flee ;
My very tears are treasur'd up, and register'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid, my foes shall be o'erthrown ;
For I am well assur'd that God my righteous cause will own.
10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise the force that man can raise :
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due, to thee I'll render praise :

PSALM LVII, LVIII.

13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death, and thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd, and make my footstoops sure :
That thus protected by thy pow'r, I may this light enjoy,
And in the service of my God my length'ned days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend, on thy protection I depend,
And to thy wings for shelter haste, 'till this outrageous storm is past.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly, thou sov'reign judge and God most high ;
Who wonders hast for me begun, and wilt not leave thy work undone.
3 From heav'n protect me by thine arm, and shame all those who seek my
harm ;
To my relief thy mercy send, and truth, on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with savage men converse, like hungry lions wild and fierce ;
With men whose teeth are spears, their words invenom'd darts, and two-
edg'd swords.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high ; and as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd, 'till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd, and had almost my soul ensnar'd,
But fell themselves, by just decree, into the pit they made for me.
7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise to thee my God, in songs of praise.
8 Awake my glory ; harp and lute, no longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take, will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound, to all the list'ning nations round ;
10 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends, thy truth beyond the clouds extends,
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high ; and as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd, till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 Speak, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be,
Or, must not innocence appeal to heav'n from your decree ?
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice sway'd :
Your gripping hands, by weighty bribes to violence betray'd.
3 To virtue strangers from the womb, their infant steps went wrong ;
They prattled slander, and in lies employ'd their lisping tongue.
4 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed does ranker poison bear ;
The drowsy adder will as soon unlock his sullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf as adders they remain ;
From whom the skilful charmer's voice can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage, and timely break their pow'r :
Disarm these growing lion's jaws, e'er practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their insolence, at height, like ebbing tides be spent :
Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim, when they their bow have bent.
8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime : like hasty births become,
Unworthy to behold the sun, and dead within the womb.

PSALM LIX, LX.

9 E'er thorns can make the flesh-pots boil, tempestuous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch 'em hence alive, to their eternal doon,
10 The righteous shall rejoice to see their crimes such vengeance meet,
And saints in persecutors blood, shall dip their harmless feet.
11 Transgressors then with grief shall see just men rewards obtain;
And own a God, whose justice will the guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 Deliver me, O Lord my God, from all my spiteful foes;
In my defence oppose thy pow'r to theirs who me oppose.
2 Preserve me from a wicked race, who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorseless men, who seek my blood to spill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs against my life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st for no offence of mine.
4 In haste they run about, and watch my guiltless life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my distress, and to my help awake!
5 Thou, Lord of hosts, and Isr'el's God, their heathen rage suppress:
Relentless vengeance take on those who stubbornly transgress.
6 At ev'ning to beset my house like growling dogs they meet;
While others thro' the city range, and ransack ev'ry street.
7 Their throats envenom'd slander breathe, their tongues are sharpen'd
swords;
Who hears, (say they) or hearing dares reprove our lawless words?
8 But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord, their baffled plots deride;
And soon to scorn and shame expose their boasted heathen pride.
9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy strength for succour I depend:
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence, who only canst defend.
10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft from danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue my haughty foes to me.
11 Destroy 'em not, O Lord, at once, restrain thy vengeful blow,
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon forget their overthrow.
Disperse 'em thro' the nations round by thy avenging pow'r,
Do thou bring down their haughty pride, O Lord, our shield and tow'r.
12 Now in the height of all their hopes, their arrogance chastise;
Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint, and curses join'd with
lyes.
13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures, thine anger, Lord, suppress,
That distant lands, by their just doom may Isr'el's God confess.
14 At ev'ning let them still persist like growling dogs to meet,
Still wander all the city round, and traverse every street.
15 Then, as for malice now they do, for hunger let them stray,
And yell their vain complaints aloud, defeated of their prey.
16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing, thy wond'rous pow'r confess;
For thou hast been my sure defence, my refuge in distress.
17 To thee with never-ceasing praise, O God, my strength, I'll sing:
Thou art my God, the rock from whence my health and safety spring.

PSALM LX.

1 O God, who hast our troops dispers'd, forsaking those who left thee first,
As we thy just displeasure mourn, to us in mercy, Lord, return.

PSALM LXI, LXII.

2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand, is rent by thy avenging hand :
O heal the breaches thou hast made, we shake, we fall, without thy aid !

3 Our follies sad effects we feel, for drunk with discord's cup, we reel ;

4 But now for them who thee rever'd thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.

5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect : Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct !

6 The Holy God has spoke ; and I o'er-joy'd on his firm word rely.
To thee in portions I'll divide fair Sichem's soil, Samaria's pride ;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join, and measure out her vale by line.

7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe to my commands, with Ephraim's tribe ;
Ephraim by arms supports my cause, and Judah by religious laws.

8 Moab, my slave and drudge shall be, nor Edom from my yoke get free ;
Proud Palestine's imperious state shall humbly on our triumph wait.

9 But who shall quell these mighty pow'rs, and clear my way to Edom's tow'rs ;
Or thro' her guarded frontiers tread the path that doth to conquest lead ?

10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast disperst our troops (for we forsook thee first) Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake, aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.

11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain, for human succours are but vain.

12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows, 'tis he treads down our proudest foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 Lord, hear my cry, regard my pray'r, which I, opprest with grief,

2 From earth's remotest parts address to thee for kind relief ;
O lodge me safe beyond the reach of persecuting pow'r.

3 Thou who so oft from spiteful foes, hast been my shelt'ring tow'r.

4 So shall I in thy sacred courts secure from danger lie ;
Beneath the covert of thy wings, all future storms defy.

5 In sighs my vows are heard, once more I o'er thy chosen reign ;

6 O bless with long and prosp'rous life the king thou didst ordain.

7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign accepted in thy sight,
And let thy truth and mercy both in his defence unite.

8 So shall I ever sing thy praise, thy name for ever bless ;
Devote my prosp'rous days to pay the vows of my distress.

PSALM LXII.

1, 2 My soul for help on God relies, from him alone my safety flows :
My rock, my health, that strength supplies, to bear the shock of all my foes.

3 How long will ye contrive my fall, which will but hasten on your own ?
You'll totter like a bending wall, or fence of uncemented stone.

4 To make my envy'd honours less they strive with lies, their chief delight ;
For they, tho' with their mouths they bless, in private curse with inward spite.

PSALM LXIII, LXIV.

5, 6 But thou, my soul, on God rely ; on him alone thy trust repose ;
My rock and health will strength supply, to bear the shock of all my foes.
7 God does his saving health dispense, and flowing blessings daily send ;
He is my fortress and defence, on him my soul shall still depend.
8 In him, ye people, always trust, before his throne pour out your hearts ;
For God the merciful and just, his timely aid to us imparts.
9 The vulgar fickle are and frail ; the great dissemble and betray ;
And laid in truth's impartial scale, the lightest things will both outweigh.
10 Then trust not in oppressive ways, by spoil and rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase, be set too much upon your gain.
11 For God has oft his will express'd ; and I this truth hath fully known,
To be of boundless pow'r possess'd belongs of right to God alone.
12 Tho' mercy is his darling grace, in which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race according to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, my gracious God, to thee my morning pray'rs shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant ;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace, within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
2 O to my longing eyes once more that view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic house displays :
3 Because to me thy wond'rous love, than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.
4 My life, while I that life enjoy, in blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his name :
5 My soul's content shall be as great, as theirs whose choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.
6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find, thou, Lord, art present to my
mind,
And when I wake in dead of night ;
7 Because thou still dost succour bring, beneath the shadow of thy wing,
I rest with safety and delight.
8 My soul when foes would me devour, cleaves fast to thee, whose match-
less pow'r
In her support is daily shewn :
9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay that my destruction wish ; and
they
That seek my life shall loose their own.
10, 11 They by untimely ends shall die, their flesh a prey to foxes lie :
But God shall fill the king with joy ;
Who swears by thee shall still rejoice, whilst the false tongue and lying
voice,
Thou, Lord, shall silence and destroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, to my request give ear ;
Preserve my life from cruel foes, and free my soul from fear.

PSALM LXV.

2 O hide me with thy tend'rest care in some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise, and all their plots defeat.

3 See how intent to work my harm, they whet their tongues like swords :
And bend their bows, to shoot their darts, sharp lyes and bitter words !

4 Lurking in private, at the just they take their secret aim ;
And suddenly at him they shoot quite void of fear and shame.

5 To carry on their ill designs, they mutually agree ;
They speak of laying private snares, and think that none shall see.

6 With utmost diligence and care their wicked plots they lay ;
The deep designs of all their hearts are only to betray.

7 But God, to anger justly mov'd, his dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point shall swift destruction send.

8 Those slanders which their mouths did vent, upon themselves shall fall ;
Their crimes disclos'd, shall make them be despis'd and shun'd by all.

9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess and nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work of his avenging hand.

10 Whilst righteous men by God secur'd in him shall gladly trust ;
And all the list'ning earth shall hear loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM LXV.

1 For thee, O God, our constant praise in Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise, and all our zealous vows compleat.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair, and at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain to stop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain, and washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd, within thy sacred dwellings lives !
Whilst we at humbler distance taste the vast delights thy temple gives.

5 By wond'rous acts, O God, most just, have we thy gracious answer
found ;
In thee remotest nations trust, and those whom stormy waves surround.

6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills, and does his matchless pow'r
engage,
With which the seas loud waves he stills, and angry crouds tumultuous rage.

PART SECOND.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay, when they thy dreadful tokens view :
With joy they see the night and day, each others track by turns pursue.

9 From out thy unexhausted store thy rain relieves the thirsty ground :
Makes lands, that barren were before, with corn and useful fruit abound,

10 On rising ridges, down it pours, and ev'ry furrow'd valley fills ;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs in which a blest increase distils.

11 Thy goodness does the circling year with fresh returns of plenty crown ;
And where thy glorious paths appear, thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

PSALM LXVI, LXVII.

12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd by them to pastures fresh and green :
The hills about in order rang'd, in beauties robes of joy are seen.
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn the chearful downs ; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn, and seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 Let all the lands with shouts of joy to God their voices raise ;
Sing psalms in honour of his name, and spread his glorious praise.
3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord, in all thy works art thou !
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes shall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Thro' all the earth the nations round shall thee their God confess ;
And with glad hymns their awful dread of thy great name express.
5 O come, behold the works of God, and then with me, you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men, his wond'rous judgments shown.
6 He made the sea become dry land, thro' which our fathers walk'd ;
Whilst to each other of his might with joy his people talk'd.
7 He by his pow'r for ever rules ; his eyes the world survey :
Let no presumptuous man rebel against his sov'reign sway.

PART SECOND.

8, 9 O all ye nations, bless our God, and loudly speak his praise ;
Who keeps our soul alive and still confirms our stedfast ways.
10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as fire does try the precious ore ;
11 Thou brought'st us into straits where we oppressing burthens bore.
12 Insulting foes, did us, their slaves, thro' fire and water chace ;
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt-off'rings to thy house I'll bring, and there my vows I'll pay,
14 Which I with solemn zeal did make in trouble's dismal day.
15 Then shall the richest incence smoke, the fattest rams shall fall ;
The choicest goats from out the fold, and bullocks from the stall.
16 O come, all ye that fear the Lord, attend with heedful care ;
Whilst I what God for me has done, with graceful joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd, so now I praise his name ;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin, would all my pray'rs disclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd, his gracious ear did bend ;
And to the voice of my request with constant love attend.
20 Then bless'd for ever be my God, who never, when I pray,
With-holds his mercy from my soul, nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1 To bless thy chosen race, in mercy, Lord, incline :
And cause the brightness of thy face on all thy saints to shine :

PSALM LXVIII.

2 That so thy wond'rous ways may thro' the world be known :
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay, and thy salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praise thy glorious name.
4 O let them shout and sing, dissolv'd in pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King, shall govern all the earth.
5 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praise thy glorious name.
6 Then shall the teeming ground a large increase disclose :
And we with plenty shall be crown'd, which God, our God bestows.
7 Then God upon our land shall constant blessing show'r.
And all the world in awe shall stand of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 Let God, the God of battle rise, and scatter his presumptus foes ;
Let shameful rout their host surprise, who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost, or wax into the furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious host before his wrathful presence waste.
3 But let the servants of his will his favours gentle beams enjoy ;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill, and cheerful songs their tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in anthems raise, Jehovah's awful name he bears,
In him rejoice, extol his praise, who rides upon high rowling spheres.
5 Him, from his empire of the skies, to this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize, and judge the injur'd widow's cause.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil, restores poor exiles to their home ;
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil their proud oppressors righteous doom.
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead, in person, Lord, our armies forth,
Strange terrors thro' the desert spread, convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain distil, and heaven's high arches shook with fear :
How then shall Sina's humble hill, of Isr'el's God the presence bear ?
9 Thy hand at famish'd earth's complaint, reliev'd her from celestial stores ;
And when thy heritage was faint, asswag'd the drought with plenteous show'rs.
10 Where savages had rang'd before, at ease thou mad'st our tribes reside ;
And in the desert, for the poor, thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

PART SECOND.

11 Thou gav'st the word we sally'd forth, and in that pow'rful word o'er-came,
While virgin-troops with songs of mirth in state our conquest did proclaim.

PSALM LXVIII.

12 Vast armies, by such gen'rls led, as yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil.
Forsook their camp with sudden dread, and to our women left the spoil.
13 Tho' Egypt's drudges you have been, your army's wings shall shine as
bright
As doves in golden sun-shine seen, or silver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas so when God's almighty hand o'er scatter'd kings the conquest won;
Our troops drawn up on Jordan's strand, high Sahnōn's glitt'ring snow
out-shone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast, and Bashan's hill we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast, but that she's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the honour's great) should this, O mountains, swell
your pride;
For Sion is his chosen seat, where he for ever will reside.
17 His chariots numberless, his pow'rs are heavenly hosts that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs, as once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
18 Ascending high, in triumph thou captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow the spoil of armies, once their dread.
Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace, and humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling place, and all the world pay homage there.
19 For benefits each day bestow'd, be daily his great name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God, of life and death the sov'reign Lord.
21 But justice for his harden'd foes proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those who in presumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord hath thus, in thunder spoke; "as I subdu'd proud Bashan's
king,
"Once more I'll break my people's yoke, and from the deep my ser-
vants bring.
23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood of slaughter'd foes be cover'd
o'er,
"Nor earth receive such impious blood, but leave for dogs th' unhal-
low'd gore."

PART THIRD.

24 When marching to thy blest abode, the wond'ring multitude survey'd
The pompous state of thee, our God, in robes of majesty array'd.
25 Sweet singing Levites led the van, loud instruments brought up the
rear;
Between both troops a virgin train with voice and timbrel charm'd the
ear.
26 This was the burthen of their song, "in full assemblies bless the Lord,
"All who to Isr'el's tribes belong, the God of Isr'el's praise record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone from neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne, her counsellors in state did send,
But Zebulon's remoter seat, and Napthali's more distant coast,
(The grand procession to compleat) sent up their tribes, a princely host.
28 Thus God to strength and union brought our tribes, at strife till that
blest hour;
This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought, confirm with fresh re-
cruits of pow'r.

PSALM LXIX.

29 To visit Salem, Lord, defend, and Sion thy terrestrial throne ;
Where kings with presents shall attend, and thee with offer'd crowns
attone.

30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, who threat like pamper'd herds of
savage might,
Their silver'd armour'd chief defeat, who in destructive war delight.

31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth her hand, and Afric homage
bring :

32 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth their common sov'reign's praises
sing.

33 Who mounted on the loftiest sphere of ancient heav'n, sublimely rides,
From whence his dreadful voice we hear, like that of warring winds
and tides.

34 Ascribe ye pow'rs to God most high, of humble Isr'el he takes care:
Whose strength from out the dusky sky darts shining terrors thro' the
air.

35 How dreadful are the sacred courts, where God has fix'd his earthly
throne !
His strength his feeble saints supports ; to God give praise, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 Save me, O God, from waves that roll, and press to overwhelm my soul.

2 With painful steps in mire I tread, and deluges o'erflow my head.

3 With restless cries my spirits faint, my voice is hoarse with long com-
plaint,
My sight decays with tedious pain, whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My hairs tho' num'rous, are but few, compar'd with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate, grown now of might, to execute their lawless spite.
They force me guiltless to resign as rapine, what by right was mine.

5 Thou, Lord, my innocence dost see, nor are my sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care, lest for my sake, thy saints despair;

7 Since I have suffer'd for thy name reproach, and hid my face in shame.

8 A stranger to my country grown, nor to my nearest kindred known ;
A foreigner, expos'd to scorn by brethren of my mother born.

9 For zeal to thy lov'd house and name consumes me like devouring flame.
Concern'd at their affronts to thee, more than at slanders cast on me.

10 My very tears and abstinence they construe in a spiteful sense :

11 When cloth'd with sackcloth for their sake, they me their common pro-
verb make.

12 Their judges make my wrongs their jests, those wrongs they ought to
have redrest !
How should I then expect to be from libels of lewd drunkards free.

13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair for help with humble timely pray'r :
Relieve me from thy mercy's store, display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve, and from the mire my feet retrieve ;
From spiteful foes in safety keep, and snatch me from the raging deep.

15 Controul the deluge e'er it spread, and roll its waves above my head ;
Nor deep destruction's yawning pit to close her jaws on me permit.

PSALM LXX.

16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make, for thy transcending goodness sake ;
Relieve thy suppliant once more from thy abounding mercy's store.

17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face ; make haste, for desp'rate is my case ;

18 Thy timely succour interpose, and shield me from remorseless foes.

19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn I from my enemies have born,
Nor can their close dissembled spite, or darkest plots escape thy sight.

20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart, I look'd for some to take my part ;
To pity or relieve my pain, but look'd (alas!) for both in vain.

21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call, instead of food they give me gall ;
And when with thirst my spirits sink, they give me vinegar to drink.

22 Their table therefore, to their health, shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth ;

23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes, and sudden blasts their hope surprize.

24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour, till thy fierce wrath their race devour,

25 And make their house a dismal cell, where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.

26 For new afflictions they procured, for him who had thy stripes endur'd ;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn to bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray, till they to truth have lost the way ;

28 From life thou shalt exclude their soul, nor with the just their names enroll.

29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor, thy strong salvation shall restore :

30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim, and celebrate with thanks thy name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize than herds or flocks in sacrifice ;

32 Which humble saints with joy shall see, and hope for like redress with me ;

33 For God regards the poors' complaint, sets pris'ners free from close restraint :

34 Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise, and all the world resound his praise.

35 For God will Sion's walls erect, fair Judah's cities he'll protect,
Till all her scatter'd sons repair to undisturb'd possession there.

36 This blessing they shall, at their death, to their religious heirs bequeath ;
And they to endless ages more, of such as his blest name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O Lord, to my relief draw near, for never was more pressing need ;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliv'rance speed.

2 Confusion on their heads return, who to destroy my soul combine ;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn, ensnar'd in their own vile design.

3 Their doom let desolation be, with shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and sport of my affliction made.

PSALM LXXI.

4 While those who humbly seek thy face, to joyful triumphs shall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy saving grace, with me shall sing, The Lord be
prais'd.
5 Thus wretch'd tho' I am and poor, the mighty Lord of me takes care:
Thou God, who only can'st restore, to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 In thee I put my stedfast trust, defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul, for righteous is thy name.
3 Be thou my strong abiding place, to which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe; thou art my rock and fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men protect and set me free,
For from my earliest youth 'till now my hope has been in thee.
6 Thy constant care did safely guard my tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb to sing thy constant praise.
7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze, thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise, my mouth shall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy servant, Lord, when I with age decay,
Forsake me not when, worn with years, my vigour fades away.
10 My foes against my fame and me, with crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares, and mutual counsel take.
11 His God, say they, forsakes him now, on whom he did rely:
Pursue and take him, whilst no hope of timely aid is nigh.
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far, for speedy help I call;
13 To shame and ruin bring my foes that seek to work my fall.
14 But as for me, my stedfast hope shall on thy pow'r depend,
And I in grateful songs of praise, my time to come will spend,

PART SECOND.

15 Thy righteous acts and saving health my mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all, tho' summ'd with utmost care.
16 While God vouchsafes me his support, I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim, and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth to praise thy glorious name;
And ever since thy wond'rous works have been my constant theme.
18 Then now forsake me not, when I am grey, and feeble grown,
'Till I to these and future times, thy strength and pow'r have shown.
19 How high thy justice soars, O God! how great and wond'rous are
The mighty works which thou hast done! who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd, thy grace shall yet relieve;
And from the lowest depth of woe with tender care retrieve.
21 Thro' thee my time to come shall be with pow'r and greatness crown'd,
And me, who dismal years have pass'd, thy comforts shall surround.
22 Therefore with psaltery and harp thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race, my voice in anthems raise.
23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs employ my cheerful voice,
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd, shall in thy strength rejoice.
24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts shall all the day proclaim;
Because thou didst confound my foes, and brought them all to shame.

PSALM LXXII.

PSALM LXXII.

- 1 Lord, let thy just decrees, the king in all his ways, direct ;
And let his son, throughout his reign, thy righteous laws respect.
- 2 So shall he still thy people judge with pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him their just protector find.
- 3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth the happy fruits of peace ;
Which all the land shall own to be the work of righteousness ;
- 4 Whilst he the poor and needy race shall rule with gentle sway ;
And from their humble necks shall take oppressive yokes away.
- 5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure, or time itself shall last.
- 6 He shall descend like rain that chears the meadows second birth,
Or like warm show'rs whose gentle drops refresh the thirsty earth.
- 7 In his blest days the just and good shall be with favour crown'd,
The happy land shall ev'ry where with endless peace abound.
- 8 His uncontrol'd dominion shall from sea to sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrate's streams, at Nature's limits end.
- 9 To him the savage nations round shall bow their servile heads,
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust where he his conquests spreads.
- 10 The king of Tarshish, and the isles, shall costly presents bring ;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come, and wealthy Saba's king.
- 11 To him shall ev'ry king on earth his humble homage pay,
And diff'rent nations gladly join to own his righteous sway.
- 12 For he shall set the needy free, when they for succour cry :
Shall save the helpless and the poor, and all their wants supply.

PART SECOND.

- 13 His providence for needy souls, shall due supplies prepare ;
And over their defenceless lives shall watch with tender care.
- 14 He shall preserve and keep their souls, from fraud and rapine free,
And in his sight their guiltless blood of mighty price shall be.
- 15 Therefore shall God his life and reign to many years extend,
Whilst eastern princes tribute pay, and golden presents send.
For him shall constant pray'rs be made, thro' all his prosp'rous days ;
His just dominion shall afford a lasting theme of praise.
- 16 Of useful grain, thro' all the land, great plenty shall appear ;
A handful sown on mountain tops a mighty crop shall bear.
Its fruit, like cedars shook by winds, a ratling noise shall yield ;
The city too shall thrive, and vie for plenty with the field.
- 17 The mem'ry of his glorious name thro' endless years shall run ;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright and lasting as the sun.
In him the nations of the world shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness by ev'ry tongue confess'd.
- 18 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord, the God whom Isr'el fears ;
Who only wond'rous in his works beyond compare appears.
- 19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd ; for ever bless his name ;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world their glad assent proclaim,

PSALM LXXIII.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 At length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain that God will to his saints be kind;
That all, whose hearts be pure and clean, shall his protecting favour find.

2, 3 Till his sustaining truth I knew, my stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd ;
I griev'd the sinner's wealth to view, and envy'd when the fools pre-
vail'd.

4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend, and whilst they live are hale
and strong ;
No plague or troubles them offend, which oft to other men belong.

6, 7 With pride, as with a chain they're held, and rapine seems their robe
of state ;
Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd, they grow beyond their
wishes great.

8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk, oppressive methods they defend ;
Their tongue thro' all the earth, does walk their blasphemies to heav'n
ascend.

10 And yet admiring crouds are found, who servile visits duly make,
Because with plenty they abound, of which their flatt'ring slaves partake.

11 Their fond opinions they pursue, till they with them profanely cry,
" How should the Lord our actions view, can he perceive who dwells
so high ? "

12 Behold the wicked ! these are they who openly their sins profess ;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day, and all their actions meet
success.

13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my heart, said I, and wash'd my hands from
guilt in vain.
If all the day oppress'd I lie, and ev'ry morning suffer pain.

15 Thus did I once to speak intend ; but if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend, and basely should their cause betray.

PART SECOND.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent, but found the case too hard
for me,
'Till to the house of God I went, then I their end did plainly see.

18 How high soe'er advanced, they all on slipp'ry places loosely stand ;
Thence into ruin headlong fall, cast down by thy avenging hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate despis'd by thee when
they're destroy'd ;
As waking men with scorn do treat the fancies that their dreams em-
ploy'd.

21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppress'd, my reins were rack'd with
restless pains ;
So stupid was I, like a beast who no reflecting thoughts retains.

23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd, and thy right hand assistance
gave :
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide, and then to glory me receive.

PSALM LXXIV.

25 Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone, have I, whose favour I require
Throughout the spacious earth there's none that I besides thee can
desire.

26 My trembling flesh and aking heart, may often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward strength impart, and my eternal portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove, shall into sudden ruin fall :
If after other Gods they rove, thy vengeance shall destroy them all

28 But as for me, 'tis good and just, that I should still to God repair ;
In him I always put my trust, and will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 Why hast thou cast us off, O God ! wilt thou no more return ?
O why against thy chosen flock, does thy fierce anger burn ?

2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord, the land that is thy own :
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount, where once thy glory shone.
O come, and view our ruin'd state ! how long our troubles last !
See how the foe, with wicked rage, has laid thy temple waste !

4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name ; where late thy zealous servants pray'd,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp, their banners have display'd.

5, 6 Those curious carvings which did once advance the artist's fame,
With ax and hammer they destroy, like works of vulgar frame.

7 Thy holy temple they have burnt ; and what escap'd the flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd, tho' sacred to thy name.

8 Thy worship wholly to destroy, maliciously they aim'd ;
And all the sacred places burn'd, where we thy praise proclaim'd.

9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st no tender signs to send ;
We have no prophet now that knows when this sad state shall end.

PART SECOND.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit th' insulting foe to boast ?
Shall all the honour of thy name for evermore be lost ?

11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand, and on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth, so calmly let'st it rest ?

12 Thou herefore, with kingly power, in our defence has fought ;
For us, throughout the wand'ring world, hast great salvation wrought.

13 'Twas thou, O God, that did'st the sea with thy own strength di-
vide ;
Thou break'st the wat'ry monster's head, the waves o'erwhelm'd their
pride.

14 The greatest, fiercest of them all, that seem'd the deep to sway ;
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made to savage beasts a prey.

15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st the waters largely flow ;
Again, thou mad'st thro' parting streams thy wand'ring people go.

16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine the black return of night ;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun, and ev'ry feebler light :

17 By thee the borders of the earth in perfect order stand ;
The summer's warmth and winter's cold attend on thy command.

PSALM LXXV, LXXVI.

PART THIRD.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes have daily urg'd our shame;
And how the foolish people have blasphem'd thy holy name.

19 O free thy mourning turtle-dove by sinful crouds beset;
Nor the assembly of thy poor, for evermore forget.

20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard, and make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land is fill'd with men of blood.

21 O let not the oppress'd return with sorrow cloath'd and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor for ever praise thy name.

22 Arise, O God, in our behalf, thy cause and ours maintain;
Remember how insulting fools each day thy name profane!

23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes for ever, Lord, to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd, will more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

1 To thee, O God, we render praise, to thee with thanks repair;
For, that thy name to us is nigh, thy wond'rous works declare.

2 In Isr'el when my throne is fix'd, with me shall justice reign:

3 The land with discord shakes, but I the sinking frame sustain.

4 Deluded wretches I advis'd, their errors to redress,
And warn'd bold sinners, that they should their swelling pride suppress.

5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if no pow'r could yours restrain:
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn to speak with less disdain.

6 For that promotion, which to gain, your vain ambition strives,
From neither east nor west, nor yet from southern climes arrives.

7 For God the great disposer is, and sov'reign judge alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts the humble to a throne.

8 His hands hold forth a dreadful cup, with purple wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly mixture, with his wrath deals out to nations round.
Of this his saints sometimes may taste, but wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd to drink the very lees.

9 His prophet, I, to all the world this message will relate:
The justice then of Jacob's God, my song shall celebrate.

10 The wicked's pride I will reduce, their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just, and set him high, above the reach of harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 In Judah the Almighty's known, (almighty there by wonders shown)
His name in Jacob does excel:

2 His sanctuary in Salem stands; the majesty that heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the bow and arrows there, the shield, the temper'd swords
and spear,
There slain the mighty army lay;

4 Whence Sion's fame through earth is spread, of greater glory, greater
dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.

PSALM LXXVII.

5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil, themselves met there a shameful
 foil :
 Securely down to sleep they lay,
 But wak'd no more ; their stoutest band ne'er lifted one resisting hand
 'Gainst his that did their legion slay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown, both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
 Together slept in endless night.
7 When thou, whom earth and heav'n revere, dost once with wrathful look
 appear,
 What mortal pow'r can stand thy sight ?
8 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its doom ; grew hush'd with fear,
 when thou did'st come,
9 The meek with justice to restore ;
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise, its lasts attempts but serves to raise
 The triumphs of almighty pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations, bring vow'd presents to the eternal king ;
 Thus to his name due rev'rence pay ;
12 Who proudest potentates can quell, to earthly kings more terrible,
 Than to their trembling subjects they.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 To God I cry'd, who to my help did graciously repair ;
2 In trouble's dismal day I sought my God with humble pray'r.
 All night my fest'ring wound did run, no med'cine gave relief ;
 My soul no comfort would admit, my soul indulg'd her grief.
3 I thought on God, and favours past, but that increas'd my pain ;
 I found my spirit more oppress'd, the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night thou keep'st my eyes awake ;
 My grief is swell'd, to that excess I sigh, but cannot speak.
5 I call to mind the days of old, with signal mercy crown'd,
 Those famous years of ancient times, for miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my songs on former triumphs made,
 Then search, consult, and ask my heart where's now that wond'rous aid ?
7 Has God for ever cast us off ? withdrawn his favour quite ?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth, retir'd to endless night ?
9 Can his long-practis'd love forget its wonted aid to bring ?
 Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd his mercy's healing spring ?
10 I said my weakness hints these fears, but I'll my fears disband ;
 I'll yet remember the Most High, and years of his right hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old, the wonders of his might ;
12 On them my heart shall meditate, my tongue shall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high, O God, thy counsels are !
 Who is so great a God as ours ? who can with him compare ?
14 Long since the God of wonders thee thy rescu'd people found :
15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed with strong deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the waters saw, the frighted billows shrunk ;
 The troubl'd depths themselves, for fear, beneath their channels sunk.

PSALM LXXVIII.

17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending skies did with their noise conspire;
Thy arrows all abroad were sent, wing'd with avenging fire.
18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn, whilst all the lower world
With light'ning's blaz'd; earth shook, and seem'd from her foundations
hurl'd.
19 Thro' rolling streams thou find'st thy way, thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wond'rous passage, where no sight thy footsteps can descry.
20 Thou led'st thy people like a flock safe thro' the desert land,
By Moses, their meek skilful guide, and Aaron's sacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 Hear, O my people, to my law, devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth deep in your heart descend.
2 My tongue, by inspiration taught, shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood, and own'd for truths of old.
3 Which we from sacred registers, of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers pious care to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our sons, our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength has works of wonder wrought.
5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd, this league with Isr'el made,
With charge, to be from age to age, from race to race convey'd.
6 That generations yet to come shall to their unborn heirs,
Religiously transmit the same and they again to theirs.
7 To teach them that in God alone, their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget, but keep his just commands.
8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove a stiff rebellious race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God, unsteadfast in his grace.
9 Such were revolting Ephraim's sons, who, tho' to warfare bred,
And skilful archers, arm'd with bows, from field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falsify'd their league with God, his orders disobey'd;
Forgot his works and miracles before their eyes display'd.
12 Nor wonders which their fathers saw did they in mind retain;
Prodigious things in Egypt done, and Z̄oan's fertile plain.
13 He cuts the seas to let them pass, restrain'd the pressing flood;
While pil'd in heaps, on either side the solid waters stood.
14 A wond'rous pillar led them on, compos'd of shade and light;
A shelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day, a leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppress'd them, where no stream the wilderness supply'd,
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast dissolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the solid rock he brought, which down in rivers fell;
That, trav'lling with their camp, each day renew'd the miracle.
17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more, provoking the Most High;
In that same desert where he did their fainting souls supply.
18 They first incens'd him in their hearts, that did his pow'r distrust,
And long'd for meat not urg'd by want, but to indulge their lust.
19 Then utt'ring their blaspheming doubts, "can God, say they, prepare
"A table in the wilderness, set out with various fare?"

PSAM LXXVIII:

20 "He smote the flinty rock, 'tis true, and gushing streams ensu'd ;
"But can he corn and flesh provide for such a multitude?"

21 The Lord with indignation heard ; from heav'n avenging flame,
On Jacob fell, consuming wrath on thankless Isr'el came.

22 Because their unbelieving hearts in God would not confide :
Nor trust his care, who had from heav'n their wants so oft supply'd.

23 Tho' he had made his clouds discharge provisions down in show'rs ;
And, when earth fail'd, reliev'd their need from his celestial stores.

24 Tho' tasteful manna was rain'd down, their hunger to relieve ;
Tho' from the stores of heav'n they did sustaining corn receive.

25 Thus man with angel's sacred food, ingrateful man was fed ;
Not sparingly, for still they found a plenteous table spread.

26 From heav'n he made an east-wind blow, then did the south command,
27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls like seas unnumber'd sand.

28 Within their trenches he let fall the luscious easy prey,
And all around their spreading camp, the feather'd booty lay.

29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em leave their appetites to feast ;
30. 31 Yet still their wanton lust crav'd on, nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But whilst in their luxurious mouths, they did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God smote down their chiefs, and Isr'el's chosen slew.

PART SECOND.

32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford his miracles belief ;
33 Therefore thro' fruitless travels he consum'd their lives in grief.

34 When some where slain the rest return'd, to God with early cry ;
35 Own'd him the rock of their defence, their saviour, God most high.

36 But this was feign'd submission all, their heart their tongue bely'd ;
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would firm in his league abide.

38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave, nor did with death chastise ;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside, or would not let it fise.

39 For he remember'd they were flesh that could not long remain ;
A murmur'ring wind that's quickly past, and ne'er returns again.

40 How oft did they provoke him there, how oft his patience grieve,
In that same desert where he did their fainting souls relieve.

41 They tempted him by turning back, and wickedly repin'd,
When Isr'el's God refus'd to be by their desires confin'd.

42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day that their redemption brought ;
43 His signs in Egypt, wond'rous works in Zoan's valley wrought.

44 He turn'd their rivers into blood, that man and beast forbore,
And rather chose to die of thirst than drink the putrid gore.

45 He sent devouring swarms of flies, hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil ;
46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd the harvest of their toil.

47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke, with frost the fig-tree dies ;
48 Light'ning and hail made flocks and herd, one gen'ral sacrifice.

49 He turn'd his anger loose, and set no time for it to cease ;
And, with their plagues, bad angels sent, their torments to increase.

50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath to ravage uncontrol'd ;
The murrain on their firstlings seiz'd in ev'ry field and fold.

51 The deadly pest from beast to man, from field to city came ;

PSALM LXXIX.

It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes, thro' all the tent of Ham.
52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep, he brought from their distress,
And them conducted like a flock, throughout the wilderness,
53 He led 'em on, and in their way, no cause of fear they found ;
But march'd securely thro' those deeps in which their foes were drown'd,
54 Nor ceas'd his care till them he brought safe to his promis'd land,
And to his holy mount, the prize of his victorious hand.
55 To them the out-cast heathen's land he did by lot divide ;
And in their foes abandon'd tents made Isr'el's tribe reside.

PART THIRD.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd the wrath of God most high ;
Nor would, to practice his commands, their stubborn hearts apply.
57 But in their faithless father's steps perversely chose to go ;
They turn aside like arrows shot from some deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd with altars set on high ;
And with their graven images inflam'd his jealousy.
59 When God heard this, on Isr'el's tribes his wrath and hatred fell ;
60 He quitted Shilo, and the tents where once he chose to dwell.
61 To vile captivity his ark, his glory to disdain,
62 His people to the sword he gave, nor would his wrath restrain.
63 Destructive war their ablest youth, untimely did confound ;
No virgin was to the altar led, with nuptial garlands crown'd.
64 In fight the sacrificer fell, the priest a victim bled ;
And widows who their deaths should mourn, themselves of grief were
dead.
65 Then, as a giant rous'd from sleep, whom wine had thoroughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd, and his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He smote their hosts, that from the field a scatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs of everlasting shame.
67 With conquests crown'd he Joseph's tents and Ephraim's tribe forsook ;
68 But Judah chose, and Sion's mount for his lov'd dwelling took.
69 His temple he erected there, with spires exalted high,
While deep and fix'd, as that of earth, the strong foundations lie.
70 His faithful servant David too he for his choice did own,
And from the sheep-folds him advanc'd to sit on Judah's throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes, he brought him forth to feed,
His own inheritance, the tribes of Isr'el's chosen seed.
72 Exalted thus, the monarch prov'd a faithful shepherd still ;
He fed them with an upright heart, and guided them with skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 Behold, O God, how heathen hosts have thy possession seiz'd :
Thy sacred house they have defil'd, thy holy city raz'd.
2 The mangled bodies of thy saints abroad unbury'd lay ;
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts, and rav'ous birds of prey.
3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their blood like common water shed ;
And none were left alive to pay last duties to dead.
4 The neighbouring lands our small remains with loud reproaches wound ;
And we a laughing-stock are made to all the nations round.

PLALM LXXX.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord, must we for ever mourn ?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage, like fire for ever burn ?

6 On foreign lands, that know not thee, thy heavy vengeance show'r ;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush, that have not own'd thy pow'r.

7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd on Jacob's chosen race.
And to a barren desert turn'd their fruitful dwelling-place.

8 O think not on our former sins, but speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints, almost with sorrow spent.

9 Thou God of our salvation, help, and free our souls from blame,
So shall our pardon and defence exalt thy glorious name.

10 Let infidels that, scoffing, say, where is the God they boast ?
In vengeance, for thy slaughter'd saints, perceive thee to their cost.

11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ner's moan, thy saving pow'r extend :
Preserve the wretches doom'd to die, from that untimely end.

12 On them who us oppress let all our suff'rings be repaid ;
Make their confusion seven times more than what on us they laid.

13 So we, thy people and thy flock, shall ever praise thy name ;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks from age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O Isr'el's shepherd, Joseph's guide, our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear ;
Thou that doth on the cherubs ride, again in solemn state appear.

2 Behold, how Benjamin expects, with Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects of thy resistless strength to find.

3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey, how long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
How long thy suff'ring people pray, and to their pray'rs have no return ?

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench our scanty food in floods of woe :
When dry, our raging thirst we quench with streams of tears that
largely flow.

6 For us the heathen nations round, as for a common prey, contest ;
Our foes with spiteful joy abound, and at our lost condition jest.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

PART SECOND.

8 Thou brought's a vine from Egypt's land, and casting out the heathen
race,
Did'st plant it with thy own right hand, and firmly fix'd it in their place.

9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way, and mad'st it take a lasting root ;
Which, blest with thy indulgent ray, o'er all the land did widely shoot.

10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade, its goodly boughs did cedars
seem ;
Its branches to the sea were spread, and reach'd to proud Euphrates'
streams.

12 Why then hast thou it's hedge o'erthrown, which thou hast made so
firm and strong ?

PSALM LXXXI.

While all it's grapes, defenceless grown, are pluck'd by those that pass along.
13 See how the bristling forest boar, with dreadful fury lays it waste ;
Hark how the savage monsters roar, and to their helpless prey make haste,

PART THIRD.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray ; thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew :
From heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey, and her sad state with pity view.
15 Behold the vineyard made by thee, which thy right hand did guard so long ;
And keep that branch from danger free, which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey, and all its spreading boughs cut down ;
At thy rebuke they soon decay, and perish at thy dreadful frown.
17 Crown thou the king with good success, by thy right hand secur'd from wrong ;
The Son of Man in mercy bless, whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
18 So shall we still continue free from whatsoe'er deserves thy blame ;
And if once more reviv'd by thee, will always praise thy holy name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God, our never-failing strength, with loud applauses sing ;
And jointly make a cheerful noise to Jacob's awful king.
2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch your instruments of joy ;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps your grateful skill employ.
3 Let trumpets at the great new moon their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time, the solemn day of praise.
4 For this a statute was of old, which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd by Isr'el's chosen seed.
5 This he for a memorial fix'd when freed from Egypt's land,
Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard, but could not understand.
6 " Your burthen'd shoulders I reliev'd, (thus seems our God to say)
" Your servile hands by me were freed from lab'ring in the clay.
7 " Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd, to me for aid did call ;
" With pity I their suff'rings saw, and set them free from all.
" They sought for me, and from the cloud in thunder I reply'd ;
" At Miribah's contentious stream their faith and duty try'd.

PART SECOND.

8 " While I my solemn will declare, my chosen people hear ;
" If thou, O Isr'el, to my words wilt bend thy list'ning ear.
9 " Then shall no God besides myself within thy coasts be found ;
" Nor shalt thou worship any God of all the nations round.

PSALM LXXXII, LXXXIII.

10 "The Lord thy God am I, who thee brought forth from Egypt's land:
" 'Tis I that all thy just desires supply with lib'ral hand.
11 "But they, my chosen race, refus'd to hearken to my voice;
" Nor would rebellious Isr'el's sons make me their happy choice."
12 So I, provok'd, resigned them up to ev'ry lust a prey,
And in their own perverse designs, permitted them to stray.
13 O that my people wisely would my just commandments heed!
And Isr'el in my righteous ways with pious care proceed!
14 Then should my heavy judgments fall on all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turn'd against their num'rous foes.
15 Their enemies and mine shall all before my footsteps bend;
But as for them, their happy state shall never know an end.
16 All parts with plenty shall abound; with finest wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to please their taste, should richest honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in the great assembly stands, where his impartial eye,
In state surveys the earthly Gods, and does their judgments try.
2, 3 How dare you then unjustly judge, or be to sinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor, let such your justice find.
4 Protect the humble helpless man, reduc'd to deep distress,
And let him not become a prey to such as would oppress.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn, but blindly rove and stray;
Justice and truth, the world's support, thro' all the land decay.
6 Well then may God in anger say, "I've call'd you by my name;
" I've said y're are Gods, the sons and heirs of my immortal fame.
7 "But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds to strict account I'll call;
" You all shall die like common men, like other tyrants fall."
Arise, and thy just judgment, Lord, throughout the earth display:
And all the nations of the world shall own thy righteous sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Hold not thy peace, O Lord our God, no longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet looks our ruin calmly see!
2 Forlo! the tumults of thy foes o'er all the lands are spread;
And they which hate thy saints and thee lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Against thy zealous people, Lord, they craftily combine;
And to destroy thy chosen saints have laid their close design.
4 "Come let us cut them off, say they, their nation quite deface;
" That no remembrance may remain of Isr'el's hated race."
5 Thus they against thy people's peace consult with one consent;
And diff'rent nations, jointly leagu'd, their common malice vent.
6 The Ishm'elites that dwell in tents, with warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's sons our ruin vow, with Hagar's race combin'd.
7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too, with Ameleck conspire;
The Lords of Palestine, and all the wealthy sons of Tyre:

PSALM LXXXIV.

8 All these the strong Assyrian king their firm ally have got,
Who with a pow'rful army aids th' incestuous race of Lot.

PART SECOND.

9 But let such vengeance come to them as once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Sisera, at Kishon's fatal stream.

10 When thy right-hand their num'rous host near Endor did confound,
And left their carcases for dung to feed the hungry ground.

11 Let all their mighty men the fate of Zeb and Oreb share;
As Zeba and Zalmuna, so let all their princes fare.

12 Who with the same design inspir'd, thus vainly boasting spake,
"In firm possession for ourselves let us God's houses take."

13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels which downwards swiftly move;
Like chaff before the winds, let all their scatter'd forces prove.

14, 15 As flames consume dry wood, or heath that on parch'd mountains
grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath with terror strike thy foes.

16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace, that they may own thy
name;
Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts, thy gentler means disclaim.

18 So shall the wond'ring world confess that thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth has rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, how lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st the brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire to view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out for thee the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I, around thine altar throng;
Securely there they build, and there securely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God, how highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell, and there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways that to thy dwelling lead!

6 Who pass thro' Baca's thirsty vale, yet no refreshment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou at their request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength, and still approach more
near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount, before their God appear.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts, my just request regard;
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r be still with favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone canst timely aid dispense;
On thy anointed servant look, be thou his strong defence.

10 For in thy courts one single day 'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides, a thousand days to spend.

11 Much rather in God's house will I the meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin my pompous dwelling make.

PSALM LXXXV, LXXXVI.

12 For God, who is our sun and shield, will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will be with-hold from them that justly live.
13 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey, how highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd, is still repos'd on thee ?

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Lord, thou hast granted to thy land, the favours we implor'd ;
And faithful Jacob's captive race has graciously restor'd.
2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd, and all their guilt defac'd ;
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on, nor thy fierce anger last.
4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts to thy obedience turn ;
That quench'd with our repenting tears, thy wrath no more may buri.
5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still, and wrath so long retain ?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints thy wonted comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display, which we have long implor'd ;
And for thy wond'rous mercies sake, thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's answer patiently I'll wait, for he, with glad success,
(If they no more to folly turn) his mourning saints will bless.
9 To all that fear his holy name his sure salvation's near ;
And in it's former happy state our nation shall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd, and righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions absent long, with friendly arms embrace.
11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n shall streams of
justice pour ;
And God, from whom all goodness flows shall endless plenty show'r.
13 Before him righteousness shall march, and his just paths prepare ;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue, with constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 To my complaint, O Lord, my God, thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me distress and destitute of all relief but thine !
2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul, that does thy name adore ;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust relies on thee, restore.
3 To me, who daily thee invoke, thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good, but prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous mercy to all those who for thy mercy sue.
6 To my repeated humble pray'r, O Lord, attentive be !
7 When troubled I on thee will call, for thou will answer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like thee, O Lord, alone divine !
To thee as much inferior they as are their works to thine.
9 Therefore their great creator thee the nations shall adore.
Their long misguided pray'rs and pray to thy blest name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great, and great the wonders thou hast done ;
Confess thee God, the God supreme, confess the God alone.

PART SECOND.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I from truth shall ne'er depart ;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name devoutly fix my heart,

PSALM LXXXVII, LXXXVIII.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God, praise thee with heart sincere,
And to thy everlasting name eternal trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless mercies shewn to me transcends my pow'r to tell,
For thou has oft redeem'd my soul from lowest depths of hell.

14 O God, the sons of pride and strife have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft has my deliv'rance wrought.

15 But thou thy constant goodness did to my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth, thou everlasting spring!

16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength to me thy servant show;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me thy handmaid's son bestow.

17 Some signal give, which my proud foes may see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief and comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 God's temple crowns the holy mount, the Lord there condescends to
dwell;

2 His Sion's gates, in his account, our Isr'el's fairest tents excel.

3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing, O city of th' almighty King!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise, in Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise, with that of Tyre and Palestine.
And grant that some amongst them born their age and country did adorn.

5 But still of Sion I'll aver, that many such from her proceed;
Th' almighty shall establish her.

6 His gen'ral list shall shew, when read, that such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musician's skill'd, and (her transcending fame to
crown)
Of such she shall successions bring, like waters from a living spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 To thee, my God and Saviour, I by day and night address my cry;

2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear, to my distress incline thine ear;

3 For seas of trouble me invade, my soul draws nigh to death's cold shade.

4 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled, they number me amongst
the dead.

5 Like those who shrouded in the grave, from thee no more remembrance
have;

6 Cast off from thy sustaining care, down to the confines of despair.

7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain, afflicting me with restless pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have prest, too weak, alas! to bear the least.

8 Remov'd from friends, I sigh alone, in a loath'd dungeon laid, where
none
A visit shall vouchsafe to me, confin'd past hopes of liberty.

9 My eyes from weeping never cease, they waste, but still my griefs in-
crease;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd, with out-stretch'd hands invok'd
thy aid.

PSALM LXXXIX.

10 Wilt thou by miracle revive the dead whom thou forsook'st alive?
From death restore, thy praise to sing, whom thou from prison would
not bring.

11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess? a mould'ring tomb thy faith-
fulness?

12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain, where darkness and oblivion
reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn, my pray'r prevents the early morn.

14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook, nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious
look?

15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down, which from my youth with me have
grown;
Thy terrors past distract my mind, and fears of blacker days behind.

16 Thy wrath has burst upon my head, thy terrors fill my soul with
dread;

17. Environ'd as with waves combin'd, and for a gen'ral deluge join'd.

18 My lovers, friends, familiars all remov'd from sight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd, dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song, my song on them shall ever
dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue thy never failing truth shall tell

2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain, thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain, like them shall stand for ever
fast.

3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice, "With David I a league
have made,
" To him my servant and my choice, my solemn oath this grant con-
vey'd,

4 "While earth, and seas, and skies, endure, thy seed shall in my sight
remain;
" To them thy throne I will insure, they shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love, both heav'n and earth just
praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above, and by assembled saints below

6 What seraph of celestial birth to vie with Isr'el's God shall dare?
Or who among the God's of earth with our Almighty Lord compare?

7 With rev'rence and religious dread, his saints should to his temple
press;
His fear thro' all their hearts should spread, who his Almighty Name
confess;

8 Lord God of armies, who can boast of strength or pow'r like thine re-
nown'd?
Of such a num'rous faithful host, as that which does thy throne sur-
round?

9 Thou dost the lawless seas controul, and change the prospect of the deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, thou mak'st the roaring billows
sleep.

PSALM LXXXIX.

10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride, and didst oppressing pow'r dis-arm :
Thy scatter'd foes have dearly try'd the force of thy resistless arm.
11 In thee the sov'reign right remains of earth and heav'n ; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains, their Maker and Preserver own.
12 The poles on which the globe doth rest, were form'd by thy creating voice ;
Tabor and Hermon, East and West, in thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand, yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign ;
14 Possest of absolute command, thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;
Who may at festivals appear, with thy most glorious presence crown'd.
16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd, who on thy sacred name rely ;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd, above their foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy strength they shall advance, whose conquests from thy fa-vour spring,
18 The Lord of Hosts is our defence, and Isr'el's God our Isr'el's king.
19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice, "A mighty champion I will send ;
" From Judah's tribe have I made choice of one who shall the rest de-fend.
20 "My servant David I have found, with holy oil anointed him ;
21 "Him shall the hand support that crown'd, and guard that gave the diadem.
22 "No prince from him shall tribute force, no son of strife shall him annoy ;
23 "His spiteful foes I will disperse, and them before his face destroy.
24 "My truth and grace shall him sustain ; his armies in well-order'd ranks,
25 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian main to Tygris and Euphrates banks.
26 "Me for his father he shall take, his God and rock of safety call ;
27 "Him I my first-born son will make, and earthly kings his subjects all.
28 "To him my mercy I'll secure, my cov'nant make for ever fast ;
29 "His seed for ever shall endure, his throne, 'till heav'n dissolves,
shall last.

PART SECOND.

30 "But if his heirs my law forsake, and from my sacred precepts stray,
31 "If they my righteous statutes break, nor strictly my commands obey,
32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod, and for their folly make them smart ;
33 "Yet will not cease to be their God, nor from my truth, like them, depart.
34 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, but in remembrance fast retain ;
"The thing that once my lips have spoke shall in eternal force remain.
35 "Once have I sworn, but once for all, and made my holiness the tie,
"That I my grant will ne'er recall, nor to my servant David lie.

PSALM XC.

36 "Whose throne and race the constant Sun, shall, like his course, establish'd see ;
37 "Of this my oath, thou conscious Moon, in heav'n my faithful witness be,"
38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord, but thou hast now our tribes forsook.
Thy own anointed has abhorr'd, and turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
39 Thou seemest to have render'd void the cov'nant with thy servant made ;
Thou hast his dignity destroy'd, and in the dust his honour laid.
40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft, and brought his bulwarks to decay.
41 His frontier coast defenceless left, a public scorn and common prey.
42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield to foes advanc'd by thee to might :
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd, his valour turn'd to shameful flight.
44 His glory is to darkness fled, his throne is levell'd with the ground :
45 His youth to wretched bondage led, with shame o'erwhelm'd, and sorrow drown'd.
46 How long shall we thy absence mourn ? wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire ?
Shall thy consuming anger burn, till that and we at once expire ?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a space thou dost for mortal life ordain ;
No method to prolong the race, but loading it with grief and pain.
48 What man is he that can controul death's strict unalterable doom ?
Or rescue from the grave his soul, the grave that must mankind entomb ?
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace, the oath to which thy truth did seal,
Consign'd to David and his race, the grant which time shou'd ne'er re-peal ?
50 See how thy servants treated are with infamy, reproach, and spite ;
Which in my silent breast I bear from nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great name, have made thy servant's hope their jest :
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim, and ever sing, The Lord be blest.
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

1 O Lord, the saviour and defence of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been our sure abiding place.
2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth, or the earth and world did'st frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God, and ever art the same.
3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust, of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, return, 'tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy sight a thousand years are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night, whose hours unmind'd waste.
5 Thou sweep'st us off, as with a flood, we vanish hence like dreams ;
At first we grow like grass, that feels the Sun's reviving beams.
6 But howsoever fresh and fair its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite, before the ev'ning close.

PSALM XCI.

7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd, and by thy wrath dismay'd ;
Our public crimes, and secret sins, before thy sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects our drooping days we spend ;
Our unregarded years break off, like tales that quickly end.
10 Our term or time is seventy years, an age that few survive ;
But if, with more than common strength, to eighty we arrive ;
Yet then our boasted strength decays, to sorrow turn'd and pain ;
So soon the slender thread is cut, and we no more remain.

PART SECOND.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects, does, as he ought revere ?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise, as more or less we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy servants, Lord, return, and speedily relent !
As we of our misdeeds, do thou of our just doom repent.
14 To satisfy and chear our souls, thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come, in joy and comfort spend.
15 Let happy times, with large amends, dry up our former tears ;
Or equal at the least the term of our afflicted years.
16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn, thy glorious pow'r be shown.
17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine, give thou our work success ;
The glorious work we have in hand do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM XCI.

1 He that has God his guardian made, shall under the Almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my soul, of him I'll say, he is my fortress and my stay,
My God in whom I will confide.
His tender love and watchful care shall free thee from the fowler's
snare,
And from the noisome pestilence :
4 He over thee his wings shall spread, and cover thy unguarded head :
His trust shall be thy strong defence.
5 No terrors, that surprise by night, shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day ;
6 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills in darkness, nor infectious ills,
That in the hottest season slay.
7 A thousand at thy side shall die, at thy right-hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untoucht remains :
8 Thou only shalt look on and see the wicked's sad catastrophe,
And count the sinners mournful gains.
9 Because (with well-plac'd confidence) thou mak'st the Lord thy sure
defence,
And on the highest doth rely.
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall, nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.

PSALM XCII, XCIII.

11 For he, throughout thy happy days, to keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands :

12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet with some rough stone
to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

13 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood, and lions roaring for their food,
Beneath his conq'ring feet shall lie,

14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me, therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.

15 He'll call ; I'll answer when he calls, and rescue him when ill befalls :
Increase his honour and his wealth :

16 And when, with undisturb'd content, his long and happy life is spent,
His end I'll crown with saving health.

PSALM XCII.

1 How good and pleasant must it be to thank the Lord most high !
And with repeated hymns of praise, his name to magnify.

2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn, his goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth each night, the glad effects repeat.

3 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing, with tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds, for sacred use design'd ;

4 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord, thou mak'st my heart rejoice,
The thoughts of them shall make me glad, and shout with cheerful voice.

5, 6 How wond'rous works, O Lord, how deep are thy decrees !
Whose winding tracts in secret laid, no stupid sinner sees.

7 He little thinks, when wicked men, like grass, looks fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendor must for ever pass away.

8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high ; and all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin, shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.

10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign pow'r, and mak'st it largely spread ;
And with refreshing oil anoint'st my consecrated head.

11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes to utter ruin brought ;
And hear the dismal end of those who have against me fought.

12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms, shall make a glorious show ;
As cedars that in Lebanon in stately order grow.

13, 14 These planted in the house of God, within his courts shall thrive ;
Their vigour and their lustre, both shall in old age revive.

15 Thus will the Lord his justice shew, and God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world impartially dispense.

PSALM XCIII.

1 With glory clad, with strength array'd, the Lord, that o'er all Nature
reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid, and the vast fabrick still sustains.

2 How sure establish'd is thy throne ! which shall no change or period
see ;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone, art God from all eternity.

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, and toss the troubled waves
on high ;
But God above can still their noise, and make the angry sea comply.

PSALM XCIV, XCV.

5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ; and they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure, must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O God, to whom revenge belongs, thy vengeance now disclose ;
Arise, thou judge of all the earth, and crush thy haughty foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men their solemn triumphs make ?
How long their wicked actions boast, and insolently speak ?
5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress, but unprovok'd they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood, and helpless orphans kill.
7 " And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive, (profanely thus they speak)
" Nor any notice of our deeds the God of Jacob take."
8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants endeavour to discern,
In folly will you still proceed, and wisdom never learn ?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear, or blind who fram'd the eye ?
Shall earth's great judge not punish those who his own will defy ?
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men, to him their hearts lie bare ;
His eye surveys them all, and sees how vain their councils are.

PART SECOND.

12 Blest is the man, whom thou, O Lord, in kindness doth chastise ;
And by thy sacred rules to walk dost lovingly advise.
13 This man shall rest and safety find in seasons of distress :
Whilst God prepares a pit for those, that stubbornly transgress.
14 For God will never from his saints his favour wholly take ;
His own possession and his lot, he will not quite forsake.
15 The world shall then confess thee just in all that thou hast done ;
And those that chuse thy upright ways, shall in those paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my behalf, when wicked men invade ?
Or who, when sinners would oppress, my righteous cause shall plead ?
17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept, but that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slept ; when sad, my troubled heart to cheer.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just, their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence, their wicked ends to gain ?
21 Against the lives of righteous men they form their close design ;
And blood of innocence to spill, in solemn league combine.
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd in God the Lord most High ;
He is my rock, to which I may for refuge always fly.
23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs on their own heads to fall ;
He in their sins shall cut them off, our God shall slay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O come, loud anthems let us sing, loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise, when our Salvation's rock we praise.
2 Into his presence let us haste to thank him for his favours past :
To him address, in joyful songs, the praise that to his name belongs.

PLALM XCVI.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state, is, with unrival'd glory, great ;
A king superior far to all, whom, by his title, God we call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand, her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that reach the skies subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss by the same sov'reign right is his ;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand, that form'd and fix'd the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair, and bow with adoration there,
Down on our knees devoutly all before the Lord our Maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he, his flock and pasture-sheep are we ;
If then you'll (like his flock) draw near, to-day, if you his voice will hear.

8 Let not your hearden'd hearts renew your father's crimes and judgments too ;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they in desert plains of Moribah !

9 When through the Wilderness they mov'd, and me with fresh temptations prov'd ;
They still, thro' unbelief, rebell'd, while they my woud'rous works beheld.

10, 11 They forty years my patience griev'd, tho' daily I their wants reliev'd ;
Then—'Tis a faithless race, I said, whose heart from me has always stray'd.
They ne'er will tread my righteous path ; therefore to them in settled wrath,
Since they despis'd my rest, I swear, that they shall never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 Sing to the Lord a new made song, let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.

2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name, from day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd :

3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse, his wonders to the universe.

4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd ; in Majesty and glory rais'd
Above all other Deities :

5 For pageantry and idols all, are they whom Gods the heathen call ;
He only rules who made the skies.

6 With majesty and honour crown'd, beauty and strength his throne surround.

7 Be therefore both to him restor'd, by you who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due honour to his name ;

8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay, before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim.

9 To worship at his sacred court, let all the trembling world resort.

10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns, whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore ;

11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess, and heav'nly mirth, let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar :
Its mute inhabitants rejoice, and for this triumph find a voice.

PSALM XCVII, XCVIII.

12 For joy let fertile valleys sing, the cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate, who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit thro' the earth to take :
 From heav'n to judge the world he's come with justice to reward and
 doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 Jehovah reigns, let all the earth in his just government rejoice ;
 Let all the isles with sacred mirth, in his applause unite their voice.
2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade his dazzling glory shroud in state ;
 Justice and truth his guards are made, and fixed by his pavilion wait.
3 Devouring fire before his face, his foes around with vengeance struck ;
4 His lightning set the world on blaze, earth saw it and with terror shook.
5 The proudest hills his presence felt, their height nor strength could help
 afford
 The proudest hills like wax did melt in presence of th' Almighty Lord.
6 The heav'ns his righteousness to show, with storms of fire our foes
 pursu'd ;
 And all the trembling world below have his descending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious host, who make the Gods to whom they
 pray ;
 All who of pageant idols boast, to him, ye Gods, your worship pay.
8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard, and Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd ;
 Because thy righteous judgments, Lord, have Pagan pride and power
 destroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art seated high, above earth's potentates enthron'd ;
 Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky, supreme by all the Gods art own'd.
10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire, abhor what's ill, and truth esteem :
 He'll keep his servant's soul entire, and them from wicked hands re-
 deem.
11 For seeds are sown of glorious light a future harvest for the just ;
 And gladness for the heart that's right to recompence his pious trust.
12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, memorials of his holiness,
 Deep in your faithful breasts record, and with your thankful tongues
 confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 Sing to the Lord a new-made song, who wond'rous things has done ;
 With his right hand and holy arm the conquest he has won.
2 The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear in all the heathens sight.
3 Of Isr'el's house, his love and truth have ever mindful been :
 Wide earth's remotest parts the power of Isr'el's God have seen.
4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy resound their Maker's praise.
5 With harp and hymns soft melody into the consort bring,
6 The trumpet and shrill cornets sound, before th' Almighty King.

PSALM XCIX, C, CI.

- 7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy, with all that seas contain ;
The earth and her inhabitants join concert with the main.
- 8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams, to spreading torrents they ;
And echoing vales, from hill to hill, redoubled shouts convey ;
- 9 To welcome down the world's great judge who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

- 1 Jehovah reigns, let therefore all the guilty nations quake ;
On cherub's wings he sits enthron'd : let earth's foundations shake.
- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court, his palace makes her tow'rs ;
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address his great and dreadful name ;
And with his unresisted might, his holiness proclaim.
- 4 For truth and justice, in his reign, of strength and pow'r take place ;
His judgments are with righteousness dispensed to Jacob's race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God, before his footsoul fall ;
And with his unresisted might his holiness extol.
- 6 Moses and Aaron thus of old, amongst his priests ador'd ;
Amongst his prophets Samuel thus his sacred name implor'd.
- 7 Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd, who ne'er their suit deny'd ;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd, he graciously reply'd.
For with their camp, to guide their march, the cloudy pillar mov'd ;
They kept his laws, and to his will obedient servants prov'd.
- 8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft his people for their sake,
And those who rashly them oppos'd, did sad examples make.
- 9 With worship at his sacred courts exalt our God and Lord ;
For he, who only holy is, alone should be ador'd.

PSALM C.

- 1, 2 With one consent let all the earth to God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay with awful mirth, and sing before him songs of praise ;
- 3 Convinc'd that he is God alone, from whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own, the flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 4 O enter then his temple gate, thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat, and still his name with praises bless.
- 5 For he's the Lord, supremely good, his mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood, to endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

- 1 Of mercy's never-failing spring, and stedfast judgment I will sing ;
And since they both to thee belong, to thee, O Lord, address my song.
- 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside, wise discipline my reign shall guide ;
With blameless life myself I'll make a pattern for my court to take.

PSALM CII.

- 3 No ill design will I pursue, nor those my fav'rites make that do.
- 4 Who to reproof bears no regard, him I will totally discard.
- 5 The private slanderer shall be in public justice doom'd by me ;
From haughty looks I'll turn aside, and mortify the heart of pride :
- 6 But honesty, call'd from her cell, in splendor at my court shall dwell ;
Who virtue's practice make their care, shall have the first preferments there.
- 7 No politicks shall recommend his country's foe to be my friend :
None e'er shall to my favour rise by flatt'ring or malicious lies.
- 8 All those who wicked courses take, an early sacrifice I'll make ;
Cut off, destroy, till none remain, God's holy city to profane.

PSALM CII.

- 1 When I pour out my soul in pray'r, do thou, O Lord, attend ;
To thy eternal throne of grace let my sad cry ascend.
- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face in times of deep distress,
Incline thine ear, and when I call my sorrows soon redress.
- 3 Each cloudy portion of my life like scatter'd smoke expires ;
My shrivel'd bones are like a hearth, that's parcht with constant fires.
- 4 My heart like grass that feels the blast of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce my needful food I mind.
- 5 By reason of my sad estate, I spend my breath in groans ;
My flesh is worn away, my skin scarce hide my starting bones.
- 6 I'm like a pelican become, that does in deserts mourn ;
Or like an owl that sits all day on barren trees forlorn.
- 7 In watchings, or in restless dreams the night by me is spent ;
As by those solitary birds that lonesome roofs frequent.
- 8 All day by railing foes I'm made the subject of their scorn ;
Who all, possess'd with furious rage, have my destruction sworn.
- 9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie, opprest with grief and fears,
My bread is strew'd with ashes o'er, my drink is mixt with tears.
- 10 Because on me with double weight thy heavy wrath does lie ;
For thou, to make my fall more great, didst lift me up on high.
- 11 My days, just hast'ning to their end, are like an ev'ning shade :
My beauty does, like wither'd grass, with wan'ning lustre fade.
- 12 But thy eternal state, O Lord, no length of time shall waste ;
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works, from age to age shall last.
- 13 Thou shalt arise and Sion view with an unclouded face ;
For now her time is come, thy own appointed day of grace.
- 14 Her scatter'd ruins, by thy saints, with pity are survey'd ;
They grieve to see her lofty spires in dust and rubbish laid.
- 15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord all heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again, and in full state appear.
- 17, 18 When he regards the poor's request, nor slight their earnest pray'r ;
Our sons for this recorded grace, shall his just praise declare.
- 19 For God from his abode on high, his gracious beams display'd ;
The Lord from heav'n, his lofty throne, has all the earth survey'd,
- 20 He listen'd to the captives moans, he heard their mournful cry,
And freed by his resistless pow'r the wretches doom'd to die.

PSALM CIII.

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells, might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing loud praises to his name.

22 When all the tribes assembling there, their solemn vows address,
And neighb'ring lands, with glad consent, the Lord their God confess.

23 But e'er my race is run, my strength thro' his fierce wrath decays;
He has, when all my wishes bloom'd, cut short my hopeful days.

24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I, when half is scarcely past;
Thy years from worldly changes free, to endless ages last.

25 The strong foundations of the earth of old by thee were laid;
Thy hand the beauteous arch of heav'n with wond'rous skill have made.

26 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure, they soon shall pass away;
And like a garment often worn, shall tarnish and decay.

27 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change, to thy command they bend;
But thou continu'st still the same, nor have thy years an end.

28 Thou to the children of thy saints shalt lasting quiet give,
Whose happy race, securely fixt, shall in thy presence live,

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 My soul, inspir'd with sacred love, God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove, and still thy grateful thanks express.

3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives, and after sickness makes thee sound;
From dangers he thy life retrieves, by him with grace and mercy crown'd.

5, 6 He with good things my mouth supplies, thy vigour, eagle-like, renews;
He when the guiltless suff'rer cries, his foe with just revenge pursues.

7 God made of old his righteous ways to Moses and our fathers known;
His works to his eternal praise, were to the sons of Jacob shown.

8 The Lord abounds with tender love, and unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move, his willing mercy flows apace.

9, 10 God will not always harshly chide, but with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide more by his love than our desert.

11 As high as heav'n its arch extends, above this little spot of clay;
So much his boundless love transcends the small respects that we can pay.

12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west, so far has he our sins remov'd;
Who with a father's tender breast, has such as fear him always lov'd.

14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys, considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days like grass or flow'rs must fade away.

16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts, nor can we find their former place,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts, to those that fear him, and their race.

18 This shall attend on such as still proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will; but to his just obedience pay.

19, 20 The Lord, the universal king, in heav'n has fixt his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing, in whose great strength his pow'r is shown,

PSALM CIV.

Ye that his just commands obey, and hear and do his sacred will ;
21 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay, who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless the mighty Lord ; and thou my heart,
With grateful joy, thy thanks express, and in this consort bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

1 Bless God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone possessest empire without bounds ;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne eternal majesty surrounds.
2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe, and glory for a garment take :
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe thy canopy of state to make.
3 God builds on liquid air, forms his palace-chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms the swift-wing'd steeds with
which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind, his minister's Heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd ; all proud to serve their Sov'reign's
will.
5, 6 Earth on her center fixt he set, her face with waters overspread :
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet, to lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd th' insulting wave dispers'd, they
fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard, and by their haste confess'd
their dread.
8 Thence up, by secret tracts they creep, and, gushing from the moun-
tains side,
Thro' valley's travel to the deep, appointed to receive their tide.
9 There hast thou fix, the ocean's bounds, the threat'ning surges to repel ;
That they no more o'erpass the mounds, nor to a second deluge swell,

PART SECOND.

10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn, the sea recovers her lost hills ;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn, surprize the vales with plenteous
rills.
11 The fields tame beasts are thither lead, weary with labour, faint with
drought ;
And asses on wild mountains bred, have sense to find these currents out.
12 There shady trees, from scorching beams yield shelter to the feather'd
throng ;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams return the tribute of their
song.
13 His rains from heav'n parcht hills recruit that soon transmit the liquid
store ;
Till earth is burden'd with her fruit, and nature's lap can hold no more.
14 Grass for our cattle to devour, he makes the growth of ev'ry field ;
Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r, that either food or physic yield.
15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine, to cheer man's heart op-
prest with cares ;
Gives oils that makes his face to shine, and corn that wasted strength re-
pairs.

PSALM CIV.

PART THIRD.

26 The trees of God, without the care or art of man, with sap are fed:
The mountain cedar looks as fair as those in royal gardens bred.

17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms the wand'lers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms protects the stork, her pious guest.

18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend, its tow'ring heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend, where feebler creatures refuge take.

19 The moon's inconstant aspect shows th' appoint'd seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows, his hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud, when forest-beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud to providence, that sends them prey.

22 They range all night, on slaughter bent, 'till summon'd by the rising morn,
To sculk in dens, with one consent, the conscious ravagers return.

23 Forth to the tillage of his soil, the husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil, with him returns to his repose.

24 How various, Lord, thy works are found, for which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd, 'till nature's hands can grasp no more.

PART FOURTH.

25 But still the vast unfathom'd main, of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain of ev'ry form and ev'ry size.

26 Full-freighted ships from ev'ry port, there cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport thou mad'st, has compass there to play.

27 These various troops of sea and land, in sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand, and have their daily alms from thee.

28 They gather what thy stores disperse, without their trouble to provide:
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe, the craving world is all supply'd.

29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face, the num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race forthwith to mother earth return.

30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth, 't inspire the mass with vital seed;
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth smiles on her new created breed.

31 Thus thro' successive ages stands firm fixt, thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands, thou dost the wastes of time repair.

32 One look of thine, one wrathful look, earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee with clouds of smoke, in darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

33 In praising God, while he belongs my breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs, sincere, as is in him my joy.

PSALM CV.

34 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd, my soul praise thou his ho-
ly name,
Till, with my song, the list'ning world join consort, and his praise pro-
claim.

PSALM CV.

1 O render thanks, and bless the Lord ; invoke his sacred name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds, his matchless deeds proclaim,
2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns, his wond'rous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse, and subject of your verse.
3 Rejoice in his almighty name, alone to be adored :
And let their heart o'erflow with joy, that humbly seek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength devoutly still implore :
And, where he's ever present, seek his face for evermore.
5 The wonders that his hands have wrought keep thankfully in mind ;
The righteous statutes of his mouth, and laws to us assign'd.
6 Know ye his servant Abr'am's seed, and Jacob's chosen race,
7 He's still our God, his judgments still throughout the earth take place,
8 His cov'nant he has kept in mind for num'rous ages past ;
Which yet for thousand ages more, in equal force shall last.
9 First sign'd by Abr'am, next by oath to Isaac made secure ;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law for ever to endure.
11 That Canaan's land should be their lot, when yet but few they were ;
12 But few in number, and those few all friendly strangers there.
13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm, securely they remov'd ;
14 Whilst proudest monarchs for their sakes severely he reprov'd.
15 " These mine anointed are, said he, let none my servants wrong ;
" Nor treat the poorest prophet ill, that does to me belong."
16 A dearth at last, by his command, did through the land prevail ;
Till corn, the chief support of life, sustaining corn did fail.
17 But his indulgent providence had pious Joseph sent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death who sold him to prevent.
18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd, with calumny his fame ;
19 Till God's appointed time and word to his deliv'rance came.
20 The king his sov'reign orders sent, and rescu'd him with speed ;
Whom private malice had confin'd, the people's ruler freed.
21 His court, revenues, realm, were all subjected to his will :
22 His greatest princes to control, and teach his statesmen skill,

PART SECOND.

23 To Egypt then, invited guests, half-famish'd Isr'el came ;
And Jacob held, by royal grant, the fertile soil of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with such increase his people multiply'd :
Till with their proud oppressors they in strength and number vy'd.
25 Their vast increase, th' Egyptians hearts with jealous anger fir'd,
Till they his servants to destroy by treacherous arts conspir'd.
26 His servant Moses then he sent, his chosen Aaron too ;
27 Empower'd with signs and miracles, to prove their mission true.

PSALM CVI.

28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came, nature his summons knew ;
29 Each stream and lake transform'd the won'dring fishes flew.
30 In putrid floods, throughout the land, the pest of frogs was bred ;
From noisome fens set up to croak at Pharaoh's board and bed.
31 He gave the sign and swarm of flies came down in cloudy hosts ;
Whilst earth's enliv'ned dust below bred lice thro' all their coasts.
32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain, and fire for cooling dew ;
33 He smote their vines and forest plants, and garden's pride o'erthrew.
34 He spake the word and locusts came, with caterpillars joined,
They prey'd upon the poor remains the storm had left behind.
35 From trees to herbage they descend ; no verdant thing they spare ;
But like the naked fallow-field, leaves all the pastures bare.
36 From fields to villages and towns, commission'd vengeance flew ;
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes and strength of Egypt slew.
37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd with Egypt's borrowed wealth ;
And, what transcends all treasure else, enrich'd with vig'rous health.
38 Egypt rejoic'd, in hopes to find her plagues with them remov'd ;
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills, by those already prov'd.
39 Their shrouding canopy by day, a journeying cloud was spread ;
A fiery pillar all the night their desart marches led.
40 They long'd for flesh, with ev'ning quails he furnish'd every tent ;
From heav'n's own granary, each morn, the bread of angels sent.
41 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast pour'd forth a gushing tide,
Whose flowing streams, where e'er they march'd the desart's drought
supply'd.
42 For still he did on Abr'am's faith an ancient league reflect ;
43 He brought his people forth with joy, with triumph his elect.
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes, from Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave the fruit of others toil.
45 That they his statutes might observe, his sacred laws obey ;
For benefits so vast let us our songs of praise repay.

PSALM CVI.

1 O render thanks to God above, the fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past has stood and shall for ever last.
2 Who can his mighty deeds express, not only vast but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise his tribute of immortal praise ?
3 Happy are they, and only they, who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right, not only so, but always practice what they
know.
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord, thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free, let thy salvation visit me.
5 O may I worthy prove, to see thy saints in full prosperity !
That I the joyful choir may join, and count thy people's triumph mine.
6 But ah ! can we expect such grace, of parents vile, the viler race ;
Who their misdeeds have acted o'er, and with new crimes increas'd the
score,
7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought on all his works in Egypt wrought ;
The Red-sea they no sooner viewed, but they their base distrust re-
new'd.

PSALM CVI.

8 Yet he, to vindicate his name, once more to their deliv'rance came,
To make his sov'reign pow'r be known, that he is God, and he alone.
9 To right and left at his command, the parting deep disclos'd her sand,
Where firm and dry the passage lay, as thro' some parch'd and desert
way.
10 Thus rescu'd from their foes they were, who closely press'd upon their
rear;
11 Whose rage pursu'd them to those waves that prov'd the rash pursuers
graves.
12 The wat'ry mountains sudden fall o'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, host
and all;
This proof did stupid Isr'el move to own God's truth, and praise his
love.

PART SECOND.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot, and for his counsel waited not;
14 But lusting in the wilderness, did him with fresh temptations press.
15 Strong food at their request he sent, but made their sin their punish-
ment;
16 Yet still his saints they did oppose, the priest and prophet whom he
chose.
17 But earth, the quarrel to decide, her vengeful jaws extended wide,
Rash Dathan to her center drew, with proud Abiram's factious crew.
18 The rest of those who did conspire to kindle wild sedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became a prey to Heav'n's devouring flame.
19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made, and to the molten image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame, they chang'd their glory to their
shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot, and all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His signs in Ham's astonisht coast, and where proud Pharaoh's troops
were lost.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd, but Moses in the breach ap-
pear'd;
The saints did for the rebel's pray, and turn'd Heav'n's kindled wrath
away.
24 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd, nor his repeated promise priz'd:
25 Nor did the Almighty's voice obey, but when God said, go up, would
stay.
26, 27 This seal'd their doom without redress, to perish in the wilderness;
Or else to be by heathen's hands o'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the
lands.

PART THIRD.

28 Yet unreclaim'd this stubborn race, Baal-Peor's worship did embrace,
Became his impious guests, and fed on sacrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they persist'd to provoke God's vengeance to the final stroke:
'Tis come;—the deadly pest is come to execute their gen'ral doom.

PSALM CVII.

30 But Phineas, fir'd with holy rage, (th' Almighty's vengeance to asswage)
Did, by two bold offenders fall, th' atonement make that ransom'd all.
31 As him a heav'ly zeal had mov'd, so heav'n the zealous act approv'd ;
To him confirming and his race the priesthood he so well did grace.
32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd, who Moses for their sakes reprov'd :
33 Whose patient soul they did provoke, till rashly the meek prophet spoke.
34 Nor when possest of Canaan's land, did they perform their Lord's command,
Nor his commission'd sword employ the guilty nations to destroy.
35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan crew, but, mingling, learnt their vices too ;
36 And worship to those idols paid which them to fatal snares betray'd.
37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice their children with relentless eyes ;
Approach their altars thro' a flood, of their own sons and daughters blood.
No cheaper victims would appease Canaan's remorseless deities ;
No blood her idols reconcile, but that which did the land defile.

PART FOURTH.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties the harden'd reprobates suffice ;
For after their heart's lust they went, and daily did new crimes invent.
40 But sins of such infernal hue God's wrath against his people drew,
Till he their once indulgent Lord, his own inheritance abhor'd.
41 He them defenceless did expose to their insulting heathen foes ;
And made them on the triumps wait, of those who bore them greatest hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd, their lists of tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd, were made the vassals of mankind.
43 Yet when distress'd they did repent, his anger did as oft relent ;
But freed, they did his wrath provoke, renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd, nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd ;
45 But did to mind his promise bring, and mercy's inexhausted spring.
46 Compassion too he did impart e'en to their foes obdurate heart,
And pity for their suff'rings bred in those who them to bondage led.
47 Still save us, Lord, and Isr'el's bands together bring from heathen lands ;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise and ever triumph in thy praise.
48 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd, his name eternally confess'd ;
Let all his saints with full accord, sing loud amens—praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

1 To God your grateful voices raise, who does your daily patron prove ;
And let your never-ceasing praise attend on his eternal love.
2, 3 Let those give thanks whom he from bands of proud oppressing foes releas'd,

PSALM CVII.

And brought them back from distant lands, from north and south, and west and east.

4, 5 Thro' lonely desert ways they went, nor could a peopled city find ;
Till quite with thirst and hunger spent, their fainting soul within them pin'd.

6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep distress.

7 From crook'd paths he led them forth, and in the certain way did guide,
To wealthy towns of great resort, where all their wants were well supply'd.

8 O then that all the earth with me, would God for this his goodness praise !

And for the mighty works which he thro'out the wond'ring world displays !

9 For he from heav'n the said estate of longing souls with pity views ;
To hungry souls that pant for meat, his goodness daily food renews.

PART SECOND.

10 Some lie, with darkness compass'd round, in death's uncomfortable shade ;

And with unwieldy fetters bound, by pressing cares more heavy made ;

11, 12 Because God's counsel they defy'd, and lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were try'd ; they fell and none could help afford.

13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear, did they their mournful cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep distress.

14 From dismal dungeons dark as night, and shades as black as death's abode,

He brought them forth to chearful life, and welcome liberty bestow'd.

15 O then that all the earth, with me would God for this his goodness praise,

And for the mighty works which he thro'out the wond'ring world displays !

16 For he, with his almighty hand, the gates of brass in pieces broke ;
Nor could the massy bars withstand, or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

PART THIRD.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense, with bold transgressions God defy ;
And for their multiply'd offence, opprest with sore diseases lie :

18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear, abhors to take the choicest meats,
And they by faint degrees draw near to death's inhospitable gates.

19 Then strait to God's indulgent ear, do they their mournful cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep distress.

20 He all their sad distempers heals, his word both health and safety gives ;
And when all human succour fails, from near destruction them retrieves.

PSALM CVII.

21 O then that all the earth with me, would God for this his goodness
praise!
And for the mighty works which he thro'out the wond'ring world dis-
plays!

22 With off'rings let his altar flame, whilst they their greatful thanks
express!
And with loud joy his holy name for all his acts of wonder bless.

PART FOURTH.

23, 24 They that in ships, with courage bold, o'er swelling waves their
trade pursue;
Do God's amazing works behold, and in the deep his wonders view.

25 No sooner his command is past, but forth a dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste, and makes the stormy billows
rise.

26 Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to heav'n, on tops of mountains waves
appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driv'n, whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with
fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro, like men with fumes of wine opprest;
Nor do the skilful seamen know which way to steer, what course is best.

28 Then strait to God's indulgent ear they do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep
distress.

29, 30 He does the raging storm appease, and makes the billows calm and
still:
With joy they see their fury cease, and their intended course fulfil.

31 O then that all the earth, with me, would God for this his goodness
praise!
And for the mighty works which he thro'out the wond'ring world
displays!

32 Let them, where all the tribes resort, advance to heav'n his glorious
name,
And in the elders sov'reign court, with one consent his praise proclaim.

PART FIFTH.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where streams abound, God's just revenge, if peo-
ple sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground, to punish those that dwell therein.

35, 36 The parcht and desert heath he makes to flow with streams and
springing wells:
Which for his lot the hungry takes, and in strong cities safely dwells.

38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants, which gratefully his toils repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants his fruitful seed or stock decay.

39 But when his sins Heav'n's wrath provoke, his health and substance
fade away;
He feels th' oppressor's gauling yoke, and is of grief the wretch'd prey.

PSALM CVIII, CIX.

40 The prince that slight what God commands, expos'd to scorn must quit his throne ;
And over wild and desert lands, where no path offers, stray alone.

41 Whilst God from all afflicting cares, sets up the humble man on high :
And makes in time his num'rous heirs with his increasing flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then sinners shall have nought to say, the just a decent joy shall show ;
The wise these strange events shall weigh, and thence God's goodness fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O God, my heart is fully bent, to magnify thy name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake my lute, nor thou, my harp, with warbling notes delay ;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy, prevent the dawning day.

3 To all thy list'ning tribes, O Lord, thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing thy praise that round about us dwell :

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height the highest heav'n transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high, above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent, confess thy glorious name.

6 That all thy chosen people Thee their Saviour may declare,
Let thy right-hand protect me still, and answer thou my pray'r.

7 Since God himself has said the word, whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Schechem shall divide, and measure Succoth's vale :

8 Gilead is mine ; Manasseh too ; and Ephraim owns my cause :
Their strength my regal pow'r supports, and Judah gives my laws.

9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge, on vanquish'd Edom tread ;
And thro' the proud Philistine lands my conqu'ring banners spread.

10 By whose support and aid shall I their well fenc'd city gain ?
Who will my troops securely lead thro' Edom's guarded plain ?

11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms, which late thou didst forsake ;
And wilt not thou, of these our hosts, once more the guidance take ?

12 O to thy servants in distress thy speedy succour send :
For vain it is on human aid for safety to depend.

13 Then valiant acts shall we perform if thou thy pow'r disclose ;
For God it is, and God alone, that treads down all our foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O God, whose former mercies make my constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state with wonted favour view.

2 For sinful men, with lying lips, deceitful speeches frame,
And with their study'd slanders seek to wound my spotless fame.

3 Their restless hatred prompts them still, malicious lies to spread ;
And all against my life combine, by causeless fury led.

4 Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd, my chief opposers are ;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft, resort to thee by pray'r.

5 Since mischief, for the good I did, their strange reward does prove ;
And hatred's the return they make for undissembled love :

PSALM CIX.

6 Their guilty leader shall be made to some ill man a slave ;
And when he's try'd, his mortal foe for his accuser have.

7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd, shall meet a dreadful fate ;
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves his crimes to agravate.

8 He, snatch'd by some untimely fate, shan't live out half his days ;
Another by divine decree shall on his office seize.

9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife a widow plung'd in grief ;
His vagrant children beg their bread, where none can give relief.

11 His ill-got riches shall be made to usurers a prey ;
The fruit of all his toil shall be by strangers borne away.

12 None shall be found, that to his wants their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan-seed the least assistance lend.

13 A swift destruction soon shall seize on his unhappy race ;
And the next age his hated name shall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's sins upon his head shall fall ;
God on his mother's crimes shall think, and punish him for all.

15 All these, in horrid order rank'd, before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off their mem'ry from the land.

PART SECOND.

16 Because he never shew'd, but still the poor oppress'd ;
And sought to slay the helpless man, with heavy woes distress'd.

17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent, shall his own portion prove ;
And blessing, which he still abhor'd, shall far from him remove.

18 Since in cursing took such pride, like water it shall spread
Thro' all his veins, and stick like oil with which his bones are fed.

19 This like a poison'd robe shall still his constant cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd belt, from which he shall be never free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those that ill to me design ;
That with malicious false reports against my life combine.

21 But for thy glorious name, O God, do thou deliver me ;
And for thy gracious mercy's sake, preserve and set me free.

22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd, am void of all relief ;
My heart is wounded with distress, and quite pierc'd through with grief.

23 I, like an ev'ning shade, decline, which vanishes apace ;
Like locusts up and down I'm toss'd, and have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown weak, my body lank and lean ;
All that behold me shake their heads, and treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But for thy mercy's sake, O Lord, do thou my foes withstand ;
That all may see 'tis thy own act, the work of thy right-hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless ; let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction seek, while I rejoice in thee.

29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloth'd, and spite of all his pride :
His own confusion, like a cloak, the guilty wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks, my cheerful voice will raise ;
And where the great assembly meets, set forth his noble praise.

31 For him the poor shall always find their sure and constant friend ;
And he shall from unrighteous dooms their guiltless souls defend.

PSALM CX, CXI, CXII.

PSALM CX.

- 1 The Lord unto my Lord thus spake, " Till I thy foes thy foot-stool make,
 " Sit thou, in state at my right-hand ;
- 2 " Supreme in Sion, thou shalt be, and all thy proud opposers see
 " Subjected to thy just command.
- 3 " Thee, in thy pow'rs triumphant day, the willing nations shall obey,
 " And when thy rising beams they view,
 " Shall all (redeem'd from error's night) appear as numberless and bright
 " As crystal drops of morning dew."
- 4 The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain, that like Melchizedech's, thy reign
 And priesthood shall no period know :
- 5 No proud competitor to sit at thy right-hand will he permit :
 But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
- 6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay, and fill with carcasses his way,
 Till he has struck earth's tyrant dead ;
- 7 But in the highway brook shall first, like a poor pilgrim slack his thirst,
 And then in triumph raise his head.

PSALM CXI.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise may soul her utmost pow'r shall raise,
 With private friends, and in the throng, of saints his praise shall be my song.
- 2 His works, for greatness, tho' renown'd, his wond'rous works with ease
 are found
 By those who seek for them aright, and in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame, and universal glory claim ;
 His truth confirm'd thro' ages past, shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precepts he has us enjoyn'd, to keep his wond'rous works in mind,
 And to posterity record, that good and gracious is our Lord.
- 5 His bounty, like a flowing tide, has all his servants' wants supply'd ;
 And he will ever keep in mind his cov'nant with our fathers signed.
- 6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd, they saw his matchless pow'r employ'd ;
 Whereby the heathen were suppress'd, and we their heritage possess'd.
- 7 Just are the dealings of his hands, immutable are his commands :
- 8 By truth and equity sustain'd, and for eternal rules ordain'd.
- 9 He sets his saints from bondage free, and then establish'd his decree,
 For ever to remain the same : holy and rev'rend is his name.
- 10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win, must with the fear of God begin :
 Immortal praise, and heav'nly skill, have they who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.—HALLELUJAH.

- 1 That man is blest who stands in awe of God, and loves his sacred law :
- 2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd, and with successive honours crown'd.
- 3 His house, the seat of wealth shall be, an inexhausted treasury ;
 His justice free from all decay, shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 4 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light, shines brightest in affliction's night ;
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd, as well as just to all mankind.

PSALM CXIII, CXIV.

5 His lib'ral favours he extends, to some he gives, to others lends :
Yet what his charity impairs, he saves by prudence in affairs.
6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round, unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet rememb'rance of the just, shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
7 Ill tidings never can surprise his heart, that fix'd, on God relies :
8 On safety's rock, he sits, and sees the shipwreck of his enemies.
9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd, his glory's future harvest sow'd ;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown, a temp'ral and eternal crown.
10 The wicked shall his triumph see, and gnash their teeth in agony ;
While their unrighteous hopes decay, and vanish, with themselves, away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 Ye saints and servants of the Lord, the triumphs of his name record,
2 His sacred name for ever bless.
3 Where'er the circling sun displays, his rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
4 God thro' the world extends his sway, the regions of eternal day ;
But shadows of his glory are.
5 To him, whose Majesty excels, who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.
6 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view in highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
He takes the needy from his cell, advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.
7 When childless families despair, he sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name ;
Makes her that barren was to bear, and joyfully her fruit to rear ;
O then extol his matchless fame.

PSALM CXIV.

1 When Isr'el by the Almighty led (enrich'd with their oppressor's spoil)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed from bondage in a foreign soil ;
2 Jehovah, for his residence, chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion-royal, and from thence thro' Isr'el's camp his order's sent.
3 The distant sea with terror saw, and from the Almighty's presence fled ;
Old Jordan's streams, surpriz'd with awe, retreated to their fountain's head.
4 The taller mountain's skipp'd like rams, when danger near the fold they hear ;
The hills skipp'd after them, like lambs, affrighted by their leader's fear.
5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw, and naked leave your ouzy bed ?
Why, Jordan, against nature's law, recoil'st thou to thy fountain's head ?
6 Why, mountains, did you skip like rams, when danger does approach the
fold ?
Why after you the hills like lambs, when they their leader's flight behold ?
7 Earth, tremble on ; well may'st thou fear, thy Lord and Maker's face to see ;
When Jacob's awful God draws near, 'tis time for earth and sea to flee ;
8 To flee from God, whose nature's law, confirms and cancels at his will ;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw and thirsty vales with water fill.

PSALM CXV, CXVI.

PSALM CXV.

1 Lord, not to us, we claim no share, but to thy sacred name
Give glory for thy mercy's sake, and truth's eternal fame.
2 Why should the heathen cry, Where's now the God whom we adore ?
3 Convince them that in heav'n thou art, and uncontroul'd thy power.
4 Their gods but gold and silver are, the works of mortal hands :
5 With speechless mouth, and sightless eyes, the molten idol stands.
6 The pageant has both ears and nose, but neither hears nor smells ;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel, nor move, no life within it dwells.
8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we can nothing like them find,
But those who on their help rely, and them for god's design'd.
9 O Isr'el, make the Lord your trust, who is your help and shield ;
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him him alone, who only help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord, on him they fear, rely ;
Who them in danger can defend, and all their wants supply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been, and Isr'el's house will bless,
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all who his great name confess.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he will increase of blessings bring ;
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are of this Almighty King.
16 Heav'ns highest orb of glory, he his empire's seat design'd ;
And gave this lower globe of earth a portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and silence sleep to him no praise afford :
18 But we will bless for evermore our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 My soul with grateful thoughts of love intirely is possest :
Because the Lord, vouchsaf'd to hear the voice of my request.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd, I never will despair ;
But still in all the straits of life to him address my pray'r.
3 With deadly sorrow compast round, with pains of hell oppress'd,
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart, and anguish rack'd my breast ;
4 On God's almighty name I call'd, and thus to him I pray'd ;
" Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul, with sorrows quite dismay'd."
5, 6 How just and merciful is God, how gracious is the Lord !
Who saves the harmless, and to me does timely aid afford.
7 Then free from pensive cares, my soul, resume thy wonted rest ;
For God has wond'rouly to thee his bounteous love exprest.
8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd my dangers and my fears ;
My feet from falling he secur'd, and dry'd my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining years which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name, and in his service spend.
10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him in greatest straits did boast ;
(For in my flight all hopes of aid from faithless men were lost.)
12, 13 Then what return to him shall I for all his goodness make ?
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal, the cup of blessing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongst his saints, whose blood (howe'er despis'd
By wicked men) in God's account is always highly priz'd.

PSALM CXVII, CXVIII.

16 By various ties, O Lord, must I to thy dominion bow ;
Thy humble handmaid's son, before, thy ransom'd captive now !
17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise ; and whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows to all thy saints proclaim.
19 They in Jerusalem shall meet, and in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent, and mix their songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 With cheerful notes let all the earth to heav'n their voices raise ;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth, sing solemn hymn's of praise ;
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound, his truth shall ne'er decay ;
Then let the willing nations round their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O praise the Lord, for he is good, his mercies ne'er decay ;
That his kind favours ever last, let thankful Isr'el say.
3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love let Aaron's house express ;
And that it never fails, let all that fear the Lord confess.
5 To God I made my humble moan, with troubles quite oppress'd ;
And he releas'd me from my straits, and granted my request.
6 Since therefore God does on my side so graciously appear,
Why should the vain attempts of men possess my soul with fear ?
7 Since God with those that aid my cause vouchsafes my part to take,
To all my foes I need not doubt a just return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God, and have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r for safety to depend.
10, 11 Tho' many nations closely leagu'd, did oft beset me round ;
Yet by his boundless pow'r sustain'd, I did their strength confound.
12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage was but a short-liv'd blaze ;
For whilst on God I still rely'd, I vanquish'd them with ease.
13 When all united press'd me hard, in hopes to make me fall :
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part, and sav'd me from them all.
14 The honour of my strange escape to him alone belongs ;
He is my Saviour and my strength, he only claims my songs.
15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just, whom God has sav'd from harm ;
For wond'rous things are brought to pass by his almighty arm.
16 He, by his own resistless pow'r, has endless honour won ;
The saving strength of his right hand amazing works has done.
17 God will not suffer me to fall, but still prolongs my days :
That by declaring all his works, I may advance his praise.
18 When God has sorely me chastis'd, till quite of hopes bereav'd ;
His mercy from the gates of death my fainting life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the temple gates to which the just repair ;
That I may enter in and praise my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode to which the righteous press ;
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe, thy holy name I'll bless.
22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd, is now the corner stone ;
This is the wond'rous work of God, the work of God alone.

PSALM CXIX.

24, 25 This day is God's ; let all the land exalt their cheerful voice :
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, and make us still rejoice.
26 Him that approaches in God's name, let all the assembly bless ;
" We, that belong to God's own house, have wish'd you good success."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all both light and comfort find ;
Fast to the altar's horn, with cords the chosen victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still I'll praise thy holy name :
Because thou only art my God, I'll celebrate thy fame.
29 O then, with me, give thanks to God, who still does gracious prove ;
And let the tribute of our praise be endless as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 How blest are they who always keep the pure and perfect way !
Who never from the sacred paths of God's commandments stray !
2 Thrice blest who to his righteous laws have still obedient been !
And have with fervent humble zeal his favour sought to win.
3 Such men their utmost caution use to shun each wicked deed ;
But in the path which he directs with constant care proceed.
4 Thou strictly has enjoin'd us, Lord, to learn thy sacred will ;
And all our diligence employ thy statutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy most holy will might o'er my ways preside !
And I the course of all my life by thy direction guide !
6 Then with assurance should I walk, from all confusion free ;
Convin'd with joy, that all my ways with thy commands agree.
7 My upright heart, shall my glad mouth with cheerful praises fill ;
When by thy righteous judgments taught, I shall have learnt thy will.
8 So to thy sacred laws shall I all due observance pay ;
O then forsake me not, my God, nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways from all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life with thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek, to thee for succour pray ;
O suffer not my careless steps from thy right paths to stray.
11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid, thy word, my treasure, lies ;
To succour me with timely aid, when sinful thoughts arise.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul shall ever bless thy name ;
O teach me then by thy just laws my future life to frame.
13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal, to others have declar'd,
How well the judgments of thy mouth deserve our best regard.
14 Whilst in the way of thy commands, more solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase, of envy'd riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy just and upright laws shall always fill my mind ;
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st all due respect shall find.
16 To keep thy statutes undefac'd, shall be my constant joy ;
The strict remembrance of thy word shall all my thoughts employ.

PSALM CXIX.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord, do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word, my time to come may spend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind, that so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they behold who thy just precepts learn.
19 Tho' like a stranger in the land, from place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight remove not thou away.
20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd, with earnest longing spent;
Whilst always on the eager search of thy just will intent.
21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud, whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways presumptuously refuse.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord, contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred laws affect with undissembled love.
23 Tho' princes oft, in council met, against thy servant spake;
Yet I, thy statutes to observe, my constant business make.
24 For thy commands have always been my comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care, to guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul oppress'd with deadly care, close to the dust does cleave:
Revive me, Lord, and let me now thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I still declar'd my ways, and thou inclin'st thine ear;
O teach me then my future life by thy just laws to steer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws, and by their guidance walk,
The wond'rous works which thou hast done shall be my constant talk.
28 But see, my soul within me sinks, press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word, my wasted strength repair.
29 Far, far from me by all false ways, and lying arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I still may keep the path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth, my happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life, before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life with thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord, from shame and ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy commands, shall I with pleasure run,
And with a heart enlarg'd with joy, successfully go on.

HE.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord, thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, thro' all my life, will never go astray.
34 If thou true wisdom from above, wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in the sacred ways to which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy most just commands incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth from thee my thoughts divert.
47 From those vain objects turn my eyes which this false world displays;
But give me lively power and strength to keep thy righteous ways.

PSALM CXIX.

38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st, and give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws is awfully afraid.
39 The foul disgrace I justly fear, in mercy, Lord, remove ;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands my longing heart does pant ;
O then make haste and raise me up, and promis'd succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow, to chear my drooping heart ;
To me, according to thy word, thy saving health impart.
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid, this ready answer make,
" In God I trust, who never will his faithful promise break."
43 Then let not quite the word of truth be from my mouth remov'd ;
Since still my ground of stedfast hope thy just decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws, will all my study bend ;
From age to age my time to come in their observance spend.
45 E're long I trust to walk at large, from all incumbrance free ;
Since I resolv'd to make my life with thy commands agree.
46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk ; and princes shall attend.
Whilst I the justice of thy ways with confidence defend.
47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul shall both o'erflow with joy ;
When in thy lov'd commandments I my happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy just decrees, lift up my willing hands ;
My care and business then shall be to study thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace, thy favour, Lord, extend ;
Make good to me the word, on which thy servant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in distress did all my griefs controul ;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round, reviv'd my fainting soul.
51 Insulting foes did proudly mock, and all my hopes deride ;
Yet from thy law not all their scoff could make me turn aside.
52 Thy judgments then, of ancient date, I quickly call'd to mind ;
'Till ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul did speedy comfort find.
53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one with deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes have thy just laws forsook.
54 But I thy statutes and decrees my chearful anthems made ;
Whilst thro' strange lands and desarts wild I like a pilgrim stray'd.
55 Thy name, that chear'd my heart by day, has fill'd my thoughts by
night ;
I then resolv'd by thy just laws to guide my steps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my soul in deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will I happily obtain'd.

CHEETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou, and sure possession art ;
Thy words I stedfastly resolve to treasure in my heart.

PSALM CXIX.

58 With all the strength of warm desires, I did thy grace implore ;
Disclose, according to thy word, thy mercy's boundless store.
59 With due reflection and strict care on all my ways I thought ;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths, my wand'ring steps I brought.
60 I lost no time, but made great haste, resolv'd without delay,
To watch, that I might never more from thy commandments stray.
61 Tho' num'rous troops of sinful men to rob me have combin'd ;
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will arise, to sing thy solemn praise ;
Convinc'd how much I always ought to love thy righteous way :
63 To such as fear thy holy name myself I closely join,
To all who their obedient wills to thy commands resign.
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord, abundantly is shed ;
O make me then exactly learn thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated benefits bestow'd, according to thy word.
66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands have stedfastly remain'd.
67 Before affliction stopt my course, my footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplin'd thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good, and all thou dost is so ;
On me, thy statutes to discern, thy saving skill bestow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies my spotless fame to stain ;
But my fix'd heart, without reserve, thy precepts shall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills, in sensual pleasures live.
My soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I may duly learn and keep the statutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds of more esteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines of silver and of gold.

JOB.

73 To me, who am the workmanship of thy almighty hands,
The heav'nly understanding give, to learn thy just commands.
74 My preservation to thy saints strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes who trusted in thy word.
75 That right thy judgments are, I now by sure experience see,
And that in faithfulness, O Lord, thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now afford me needful aid ;
According to thy promise, Lord, to me, thy servant, made.
77 To me thy saving grace restore, that I again may live :
Whose soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovok'd, to ruin me have sought ;
Who only on thy sacred laws employ my harmless thought.
79 Let those that fear thy name espouse my cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious search, thy sacred precepts known.

PSALM CXIX.

80 In thy blest statutes let my heart continue always sound,
That guilt and shame, the sinners lot, may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My soul with long expectance faints to see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word my confidence I place.
82 My very eyes consume and fail with waiting for thy word:
O when wilt thou thy kind relief and promis'd aid afford.
83 My skin like shrivel'd parchment shows that long in smoke is set;
Yet no afflictions me can force thy statutes to forget.
84 How many days must I endure of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute on them who me oppress?
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me, that have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee, and thy just laws oppose.
86 With right and truth's eternal laws all thy commands agree:
Men persecute me without cause, thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With close designs against my life they had almost prevail'd:
But in obedience to thy will my duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore, my drooping heart to chear;
That by thy righteous statutes I my life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord, unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word, establish'd in th' heav'ns, does all their orbs sustain.
90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st by thy almighty hand.
91 All things the course by thee ordain'd, ev'n to this day fulfil:
They are thy faithful subjects all, and servants of thy will.
92 Unless thy sacred law had been my comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd in dark affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, hast to new life, restor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine, protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy precepts sought to know, and carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambush laid my guiltless life to take;
But in the midst of danger I thy word my study make.
96 I've seen an end of what we call perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself, no change or period know.

MEN.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear, no language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain my ravish'd thoughts all day.
98 Through thy commands I wiser grow than all my subtle foes;
For thy sure word does me direct and all my ways dispose.
99 From me my former teachers now may abler counsel take;
Because thy sacred precepts I my constant study make.

PSALM CXIX.

100 In understanding I excel the sages of our days ;
Because by thy unerring rules I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrain'd from ev'ry sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might entire obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy judgments stray'd, by vain desires misled ;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me thy righteous paths to tread,

103 How sweet are all thy words to me ; O what divine repast !
How much more grateful to my soul than honey to my taste.

104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I with heav'nly skill am blest ;
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of sin I utterly detest.

N U N.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp, the way of truth to show :
A watch-light, to point out the path, in which I ought to go.

106 I swear (and from my solemn oath I'll never start aside ;)
That in thy righteous judgments I will stedfastly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am so oppress'd that I can bear no more,
According to thy word do thou my fainting soul restore.

108 Let still my sacrifice of praise with thee acceptance find ;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord, instruct my willing mind.

109 Tho' ghastly dangers me surround, my soul they cannot awe :
Nor, with continual terrors, keep from thinking on thy law.

110 My wicked and invet'rate foes for me their snares have laid :
Yet I have kept the upright path, nor from thy precepts stray'd.

111 Thy testimonies I have made my heritage and choice ;
For they, when other comforts fail, my drooping heart rejoice.

112 My heart with early zeal began thy statutes to obey ;
And till my course of life is done, shall keep thy upright way.

S A M E C H.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices I utterly detest ;
But to thy law affection bear too great to be exprest.

114 My hiding-place, my refuge tow'r, and shield art thou, O Lord ;
I firmly anchor all my hopes on thy unerring word.

115 Hence ye that trade in wickedness, approach not my abode,
For firmly I resolve to keep the precepts of my God.

116 According to thy gracious word, from danger set me free ;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed that I repose on thee.

117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe, and rescu'd from distress ;
To thy decrees continually my just respect address.

118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth, who from thy statutes stray'd ;
Their vile deceit the just reward of their own falsehood made.

119 The wicked from thy holy land thou dost, like dross, remove ;
I therefore, with such justice charm'd, thy testimonies love.

120 Yet with that love they make me dread, lest I should so offend,
When on transgressors I behold thy judgments thus descend.

A I N.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd ; O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up to my oppressor's rage.

PSALM CXIX.

122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me, and so shall this distress
Prove good for me ; nor shall the proud my guiltless soul oppress.

123 My eyes, alas ! begin to fail, in long expectance held,
Till thy salvation they behold, and righteous word fulfill'd.

124 To me, thy servant, in distress, thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart thy statutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy fear, thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I the full extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord, thy vengeance to employ,
When men with open violence thy sacred law destroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands but make their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold, compar'd with them, despise.

128 Thy precepts therefore I account, in all respects, divine ;
They teach me to discern the right, and all false ways decline.

P.E.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain, no words can represent ;
Therefore, to learn and practice them, my zealous heart is bent.

130 The very entrance to thy word celestial light displays :
And knowledge of true happiness to simplest minds conveys.

131 With eager hopes I waiting stood, and fainted with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might the sacred skill acquire.

132 With favour, Lord, look down on me who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those who thy blest name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly word let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind dominion have o'er me.

134 Release, entirely set me free from persecuting hands,
That unmolested I may learn and practice thy commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy fear, Lord, make thy face to shine :
Thy statutes both to know and keep, my heart with zeal incline.

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn, whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws in bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous judge, in whom wrong'd innocence may trust
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord, in all respects are just.

138 Most just and true those statutes were, which thou didst first decree
And all with faithfulness perform'd succeeding times shall see.

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away, my soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn, at once, thy promises and threats.

140 Yet each neglected word of thine, (howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal truth by me, thy servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate, contempt from all I find ;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive thy precepts from my mind.

142 Thy righteousness shall then endure, when time itself is past :
Thy law is truth itself, that truth which shall for ever last ;

143 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread to compass me unite,
Beset with dangers still I make thy precepts my delight.

PSALM CXIX.

144 Eternal and unerring rules thy testimonies give,
Teach me the wisdom that will make my soul for ever live,

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd, Lord, hear my earnest cry ;
And I thy statutes to perform, will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd, O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know, and stedfastly obey.
147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day, prevented while I cry'd
To him, on whose engaging word my hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before the midnight watch was set,
That I, of thy mysterious word might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice, and wonted favour shew ;
O quicken me, and so approve thy judgments ever true.
150 My persecuting foes advance and hourly nearer draw ;
What treatment can I hope from them who violate thy law ?
151 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is, thou, Lord, art yet more near,
Thou, whose commands are righteous all, thy promises sincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees my soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth, to endless ages hold.

RE SCH.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord, and me from bondage draw :
Think on thy servant in distress, who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my cause ; to that and me thy timely aid afford ;
With beams of mercy quicken me according to thy word.
155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st salvation far away ;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them who from thy statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are to all who thee adore ;
According to thy judgments, Lord, my fainting hopes restore.
157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes against my life combine ;
But all too few to force my soul thy statutes to decline.
158 Those bold transgressors I beheld, and was with grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious pride thy covenant they transgress'd.
159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord, how I thy precepts love :
O therefore quicken me with beams of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm to endless ages last.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty tyrants, without cause, conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone to fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breast with heav'nly rapture warms,
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war, have such transporting charms.
163 Perfidious practices and lies I utterly detest ;
But to thy laws affection bear too vast to be exprest.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice, thy praises I resound,

PSALM CXX, CXXI.

Because I find thy judgments all with truth and justice crown'd.
165 Secure, substantial peace have they who truly love thy law :
No smiling mischief them can tempt nor frowning danger awe.
166 For thy salvation I have hop'd, and though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care all thy commands obey'd;
167 Thy testimonies I have kept, and constantly obey'd ;
Because the love I bore to them, thy service easy made.
168 From strict observance of thy laws I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my most secret ways are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my request and earnest cry attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill, according to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at last before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word, for my relief draw near.
171 Then shall my grateful lips return the tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd, and taught me thy just ways.
172 My tongue the praises of thy word shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all with truth and justice crown'd.
173 Let thy almighty arm appear and bring me timely aid ;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd my heart's free choice have made.
174 My soul has waited long to see thy saving grace restor'd ;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws, thy heav'nly laws afford.
175 Prolong my life, that I may sing my great Restorer's praise.
Whose justice from the depths of woe my fainting soul shall raise.
176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, till I despair my way to find ;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek, who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 In deep distress I oft have cry'd to God, who never yet deny'd,
To rescue me, oppress'd with wrongs :
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance send, from lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of sland'ring tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue ? and yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee !
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn ; of lasting flames that fiercely burn,
The constant fuel thou shalt be.
5 But O ! how wretched is my doom, who am a sojourner become,
In barren Mesech's desert soil !
With Kedar's wicked tents enclos'd, to lawless savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and spoil.
6 My hapless dwelling is with those who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others harms :
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek ; but when to them of peace I speak,
They strait cry out, To arms, to arms.

PSALM CXXI.

1 To Sion's hill I lift my eyes, from thence expecting aid ;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God, who heav'n and earth has made.

PSALM CXXII, CXXIII, CXXIV.

3 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest, thy guardian will not sleep ;
4 His watchful care, that Isr'el's guards with Isr'el's monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings, thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee by day or night molest.
7 From common accidents of life his care shall guard thee still :
From the blind strokes of chance and foes, that lie in wait to kill.
8 At home, abroad, in peace, in war, thy God shall thee defend :
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O 'twas a joyful sound to hear our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Isr'el, to the temple haste, and keep your festal day.
2 At Salem's court we must appear with our assembled pow'rs ;
In strong and beauteous order rang'd like her united tow'rs.
3 'Tis thither by Divine command, the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate his name with praise and pray'r.
5 Tribunals stand erected there, where equity takes place,
There stand the courts and palaces, of royal David's race.
6 O pray we then for Salem's peace, for they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God !) who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy sacred walls a constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends, no less than brethren dear,
I'll pray,—May peace in Salem's tow'rs a constant guest appear.
9 But most of all I'll seek thy good, and ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2 On thee, who dwell'st above the skies, for mercy wait my longing
eyes,
As servants watch their masters' hands, and maids their mistresses' com-
mands.
3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord, thy gracious aid to us afford,
To us whom cruel foes oppress, grown rich and proud by our distress.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 Had not the Lord (may Isr'el say) been pleas'd to interpose ;
2 Had he not then espous'd our cause, when men against us rose.
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive, and rag'd without controul ;
Their spite and pride's united flood had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord, who rescu'd us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up our threaten'd lives a prey.
7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd from out the fowler's net ;
The snare is broke, their hopes are crost, and we at freedom set.
8 Secure in his almighty name, our confidence remains,
Who as he made both heav'n and earth, of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV, CXXVI, CXXVII, CXXVIII.

PSALM CXXV.

- 1 Who place on Sion's God their trust, like Sion's rock shall stand,
Like her immoveable be fix'd by his Almighty hand.
- 2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side Jerusalem inclose :
So stands the Lord around his saints to guard them from their foes.
- 3 The wicked may afflict the just, but ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek base means for his redress.
- 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those who righteous deeds affect,
The heart that innocence retains let innocence protect.
- 5 All those who walk in crooked paths, the Lord shall soon destroy ;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints with lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

- 1 When Sion's God her sons recall'd from long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream of what we wish'd to see.
- 2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth we did our voice employ,
And sung our great creator's praise in thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining stood, yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the work our God for us had done.
- 3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great, much more should we confess,
The Lord has done great things, whereof we reap the glad success.
- 4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord, of Isr'el's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'r's to parch'd and thirsty lands.
- 5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears, may see our labours thrive,
Till finish'd with success, to make our drooping hearts revive.
- 6 Tho' he desp'nd that sows his grain, yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring his joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

- 1 We build with fruitless cost, unless the Lord the pile sustain,
Unless the Lord the city keep, the watchmen wakes in vain.
- 2 In vain we rise before the day, and late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil and eat the bread of care.
- 3 Supplies of life, with ease to them he on his saints bestows ;
He crowns their labours with success their nights with sound repose.
- 4 Children, those comforts of our life, are presents from the Lord :
He gives a num'rous race of heirs as piety's reward.
- 5 As arrows in a giant's hand, when marching forth to war ;
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth, their parents safeguard are.
- 6 Happy the man, whose quiver's fill'd with these prevailing arms ;
He needs not fear to meet his foe, at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

- 1 The man is blest who fears the Lord, not only worship pays ;
But keeps his steps confin'd with care, to his appointed ways.

PSALM CXXIX, CXXX, CXXXI, CXXXII.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns of his own labour feed :
Without dependance live, and see his wishes all succeed.
3 His wife like a fair fertile vine, her lovely fruit shall bring ;
His children, like young olive plants, about his table spring.
4, 5 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus him Sion's God's shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see Jerusalem's success.
6 He shall live on, 'till heirs from him descend with vast increase ;
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state, and more in Isr'el's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 From my youth up, may Isr'el say, they oft have me assail'd ;
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits, but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient back with furrows deep and long ;
4 But our just God has broke their chains, and rescu'd us from wrong.
5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout be still the doom of those,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate, and Sion's God oppose.
6 Like corn upon our houses tops, untimely let them fade :
Which too much heat, and want of root, has blasted in the blade :
7 Which in his arms no reaper takes, but unregarded leaves :
Nor binder thinks it worth his pains to fold it into sheaves :
8 No traveller that passes by, vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave Heaven's blessing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 From the lowest depths of woe, to God I sent my cry :
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice, and graciously reply.
3 Shouldst thou severely judge, who can the trial bear ?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond, and quite renounce thy fear.
5 My soul with patience waits for thee the living Lord :
My hopes are on thy promise built, thy never-failing word.
6 My longing eyes look out for thy enliv'ning ray ;
More duly than the morning watch, to spy the dawning day.
7 Let Isr'el trust in God, no bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring from whence eternal succour flows.
8 Whose friendly streams to us, supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse and wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of heart, nor cast a scornful eye ;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ in things for me too high.
2 With infant innocence thou know'st I have myself demean'd :
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe, that from the breast is wean'd.
3 Like me let Isr'el hope in God, his aid alone implore :
Both now and ever trust in him who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 Let David, Lord, a constant place in thy remembrance find ;
Let all the sorrows he endur'd be ever in thy mind.

PSALM CXXXIII, CXXXVI, CXXXV.

2 Remember what a solemn oath to thee, his Lord, he swore ;
How to the mighty God he vow'd, whom Jacob's sons adore.

3, 4 I will not go into my house, nor to my bed ascend ;
No soft repose shall close my eyes, nor sleep my eye-lids bend :

5 'Till for the Lord's design'd abode I mark the destin'd ground ;
'Till I a decent place of rest for Jacob's God have found.

6 Th' appointed place, with shouts of joy, at Ephrata we found,
And made the wood and neighb'ring fields, our glad applause resound.

7 O with due rev'rence let us then, to his abode repair :
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n pour out our humble pray'r.

8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess thy constant place of rest ;
Be that not only with thy ark but with thy presence blest.

9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness, make thou thy saints rejoice ;
And for thy servant David's sake, hear thy anointed's voice.

11 God swear to David in his truth (nor shall his oath be vain)
One of thy offspring after thee upon thy throne shall reign.

12 And if thy seed my cov'nant keep, and to my laws submit ;
Their children too upon thy throne for evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For Sion does in God's esteem, all other seats excel :
His place of everlasting rest, where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase, her poor with plenty bless ;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests my saving health confess.

17 There David's pow'r shall long remain, in his successive line :
And my anointed servant there shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes, confusion shall o'erspread ;
Whilst with confirm'd success, his crown shall flourish on his head,

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 How vast must their advantage be ! how great their pleasure prove !
Who live like brethren, and consent in offices of love !

2 True love is like that precious oil which pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes, its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does on Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall on Sion's fruitful hill.

4 For God to all, whose friendly hearts with mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days with constant blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 Bless God, ye servants that attend upon his solemn state ;
That in his temple, night by night, with humble rev'rence wait.

2, 3 Within his house lift up your hand and bless his holy name ;
From Sion, bless thy Isr'el, Lord, who heav'n and earth didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O praise the Lord with one consent, and magnify his name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord his worthy praise proclaim.

PSALM CXXXVI.

2 Praise him all ye that in his house, attend with constant care ;
With those that to his outmost courts, with humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest int'rest is, glad hymns of praise to sing ;
And with loud songs to bless his name, a most delightful thing.

4 For God his own peculiar choice the sons of Jacob makes :
And Isr'el's offspring for his own most valu'd treasure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have by glad experience found :
And seen how he, with wond'rous pow'r, above all Gods is crown'd.

6 For he with unresisted strength, performs his sov'reign will ;
In heav'n and earth, and watry stores, that earth's deep caverns fill.

7 He raises vapours from the ground, which pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs, thro' which his dreadful light'nings glare.

8 He from his store-house brings the wind : and he with vengeful hand,
The first-born slew of man and beast, thro' Egypt's mourning land.

9 He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd thro' stubborn Egypt's coasts ;
Nor Pharaoh could his plague escape, nor all his num'rous hosts.

10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote and mighty kings suppress'd :
Sion and Og, and all besides, who Canaan's land possess'd.

12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race he firmly did entail ;
For which his fame shall always last, his praise shall never fail.

14 For God shall soon his people's cause, with pitying eyes survey ;
Repent him of his wrath, and turn his kindled rage away.

15 Those idols, whose false worship spreads o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold, the work of human hands.

16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues nor see with polish'd eyes :
Their counterfeited ears are deaf, no breath their mouths supplies.

18 As senseless as themselves are they that all their skill apply
To make them, or in dangerous times, on them for aid rely.

19 Their just returns of thanks to God let grateful Isr'el pay :
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race to bless the Lord delay.

20 Their sense of his unbounded love let Levi's house express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord, his name for ever bless.

21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works in Sion's courts proclaim :
Let them in Salem, where he dwells, exalt his holy name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 To God, the mighty Lord, your joyful thanks repeat,
To him due praise afford as good as he is great :
For God does prove our constant friend,
His boundless love shall never end.

2, 3 To him whose wond'rous pow'r all other Gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore, this grateful homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his almighty hand amazing works are wrought ;
The heav'ns by his command, were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6 He spreads the ocean round, about the spacious land :
And made the rising ground above the waters stand
For God, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

7, 8, 9 Thro' heav'n he did display, his num'rous hosts of light ;
The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead of Egypt's stubborn land :
And thence his people led with his resistless hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging sea, as if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way, thro' which his people went.
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew proud Pharoah and his host,
Who daring to pursue, were in the billows lost.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' desarts vast and wild he led the chosen seed :
And famous princes foil'd, and made great monarch's bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand great Ammon's sceptre sway'd,
And Og, whose stern command rich Bashan's land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace, their lands, whom he destroy'd,
He gave to Isr'el's race, to be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He, in our depth of woes, on us with favours thought ;
And from our cruel foes in peace and safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply on which all creatures live,
To God who reigns on high, eternal praises give.
For God will prove our constant friend ;
His boundless love shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 When we our wearied limbs do rest, set down by proud Euphrates' stream ;
We wept with doleful thoughts oppress, and Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglecting hung on willow-trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd to triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd, " Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."

4 How shall we tune our voice to sing, or touch our harps with skilful hands,
Shall hymns of joy to God our King, be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?

5 O Salem, our once happy seat ! when I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget the speaking strings with art to move !

6 If I to mention thee forbear, eternal silence seize my tongue :
Or if I sing one cheerful air, till thy deliv'rance is my song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race, in thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, " Her stately walls deface, and with the ground quite level lay."

PSALM CXXXVIII, CXXXIX.

8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be of grief and woe the wretched prey ;
Blest is the man who shall to thee the wrongs thou lay'st on us repay.
9 Thrice blest, who with just rage possest, and deaf to all the parent's moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast, and dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 With my whole heart, my God and King, thy praise I will proclaim ;
Before the Gods with joy I'll sing, and bless thy holy name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat, and with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat, o'er all thy works admir'd.
3 Thou graciously inclin'st thine ear, when I to thee did cry ;
And when my soul was prest with fear, didst inward strength supply.
4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince thy name with praise pursue ;
Whom these admir'd events convince, that all thy works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord, with cheerful songs shall bless ;
And all thy glorious acts record, thy awful pow'r confess ;
6 For God, altho' entron'd on high, doesthence the poor respect ;
The proud far off, his scornful eye beholds with just neglect.
7 Tho' I with troubles am opprest, he shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd, and keep me safe from harm.
8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last, shall fix my happy state :
And mindful of his favours past, shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1, 2 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known my rising-up and lying-down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee, known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys, my public haunts and private ways :
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent, my yet unutter'd words intent.
5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand, On every side I find thy hand,
6 O skill, for human reach too high ! too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
7 O could I so perfidious be, to think of once deserting thee !
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun, or whither from thy presence run ?
8 If up to heav'n I take my flight, 'tis there thou dwell'st entron'd in light :
Or dive to hell's infernal plains, 'tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wing could gain, and fly beyond the western main,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arive, and there arrest thy fugitive.
11 Or should I try to shun thy sight beneath the sable wings of night ;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray, would kindle darkness into day.
12 The veil of night is no disguise, no screen from thy all-searching eyes :

PSALM CXL.

Thro' midnight shades thou findst thy way as in the blazing noon of day.

13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart, my reins and ev'ry vital part ;
Each single thread in nature's loom, by thee was cover'd in the womb.

14 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came, a work of such a curious frame :
The wonders thou in me hast shown, my soul with grateful joy must own.

15 Thine eyes my substance did survey while yet a lifeless mass it lay ;
In secret how exactly wrought, e'er from its dark inclosure brought.

16 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see, its parts were register'd by thee :
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took, form'd by the model of thy book.

17 Let me acknowledge, too, O God, that since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount the pow'r of numbers to recount.

18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er the sands upon the ocean's shore ;
Each morn, revising what I've done, I find th' account but new begun.

19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God ; depart from me, ye men of blood,

20 Whose tongues heav'n's Majesty profane, and take the Almighty's name in vain.

21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew, who thee with enmity pursue ?
And does not grief my heart oppress, when reprobates thy laws transgress ?

22 Who practise enmity to thee, shall utmost hatred have from me :
Such men I utterly detest, as if they were my foes profest.

23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart, if mischief lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray, and guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

1 Preserve me, Lord, from crafty foes of treacherous intent ;

2 And from the sons of violence, on open mischief bent,

3 Their sland'ring tongue the serpent's sting in sharpness does exceed ;
Between their lips the gall of asps and adders' venom breed.

4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands, nor leave my soul forlorn,
A prey to sons of violence, who have my ruin sworn.

5 The proud for me, have laid their snare, and spread their wily net ;
With traps and gins, where'er I move, I find my steps beset.

6 But thus environ'd with distress, thou art my God, I said ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice, that calls to thee for aid.

7 O Lord, the God whose saving strength kind succour did convey :
And cover'd my advent'rous head in battle's doubtful day.

8 Permit not their unjust designs to answer their desire ;
Lest they, encourag'd by success, to bolder crimes aspire.

9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects of their injustice mourn,
The blast of their envenom'd breath, upon themselves return.

10 Let them who kindled first the flame, its sacrifice become ;
The pit they digg'd for me, be made their own untimely tomb.

11 Tho' slander's breath may raise a storm, it quickly will decay ;

PSALM CLI.

Their rage does but the torrent swell that bears themselves away,
12 God will assert the poor man's cause, and speedy succour give :
The just shall celebrate his praise, and in his presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 To thee, O Lord, my cries ascend, O haste to my relief :
And with accustom'd pity hear the accents of my grief,
2 Instead of off'rings let my pray'r like morning incense rise ;
My lifted hands supply the place of ev'ning sacrifice.
3 From hasty language curb my tongue, and let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips with wary silence barr'd.
4 From wicked men's designs and deeds my heart and hands restrain ;
Nor let me in the booty share of their unrighteous gain.
5 Let upright men reprove my faults, and I shall think them kind :
Like balm that heals a wounded head, I their reproof shall find.
And in return, my fervent pray'r I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd, like me, to sore distress,
6 When sculking in Engeddi's rock, I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke, when I had power to kill :
7 Yet us they persecute to death, our scatter'd ruins lie
As thick as from the hewer's ax, the sever'd splinters fly.
8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct my supplicating eyes ;
O leave not destitute my soul, whose trust on thee relies.
9 Do thou preserve me from the snares that wicked hands have laid :
Let them in their own nets be caught, while my escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 To God with mournful voice, in deep distress I pray'd ;
2 Made him the umpire of my cause, my wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didst my steps direct, when my griev'd soul despair'd ;
For where I thought to walk secure, they had their traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd, but found no friend to own me in distress ;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd his pity or redress.
5 To God, at last, I pray'd, thou, Lord, my refuge art ;
My portion in the land of life, till life itself depart.
6 Reduc'd to greatest straits, to thee I make my moan ;
O ! save me from oppressing foes, for me too powerful grown.
7 That I may praise thy name, my soul from prison bring ;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 Lord, hear my prayer, and to my cry thy wonted audience lend ;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth a gracious answer send,
2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring thy servant to be try'd :
For in thy sight no living man can e'er be justifi'd.
3 The spiteful foe persues my life, whose comforts all are fled !
He drives me into caves as dark as mansions of the dead.
4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd, and sinks within my breast ;
My mournful heart grows desolate, with heavy woes oppress'd.

PSALM CLXIV.

5 I call to mind the days of old, and wonders thou hast wrought :
My former dangers and escapes employ my musing thought.

6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r I fervently stretch out ;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts, like land oppressed with drought.

7 Hear me with speed ; my spirit fails, thy face no longer hide ;
Lest I become forlorn, like them that in the grave reside.

8 Thy kindness early let me hear, whose trust on thee depends ;
Teach me the way where I should go, my soul to thee ascends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes, preserve and set me free ;
A safe retreat against their rage my soul implores from thee.

10 Then art my God, thy righteous will instruct me to obey :
Let thy good spirit conduct and keep my soul in thy right way.

11 O for the sake of thy great name, revive my drooping heart ;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd, thy promised aid impart.

12 In pity to my suff'rings, Lord, reduce my foes to shame :
Slay them that persecute a soul devoted to thy name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 For ever blest be God the Lord, who does his needful aid impart,
At once both strength and skill afford to wield my arms with warlike
art.

3 His goodness is my fort and tow'r, my strong deliv'rance and my
shield ;
In him I trust, whose matchless pow'r makes to my sway fierce nations
yield.

3 Lord, what's in man that thou should'st love such tender care of him
to take ;
What in his offspring could thee move such great account of him to
make ?

4 The life of man does quickly fade ; his thoughts but empty are and
vain ;
His days are like a flying shade, of whose short stay no signs remain.

5 In solemn state, O God, descend, whilst heav'n its lofty head inclines,
The smoaking hills asunder rend, of thy approach the awful signs.

6 Discharge thy dreadful light'nings round, and make my scatter'd foes
retreat :
Them with thy pointed arrows wound, and their destruction soon
complete.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage thy boundless pow'r my foes
to quell,
And snatch me from the stormy rage of threat'ning waves that proudly
swell.

Fight thou against my foreign foes, who utter speeches false and vain ;
Who, tho' in solemn leagues they close, their sworn engagements
ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O king of kings, in joyful hymns my voice shall raise :
And instruments of various strings, shall help me thus to sing thy
praise.

10 "God does to kings his aid afford, to them his sure salvation sends ;

PSALM CXLV.

“ ‘Tis he that from the murd’ring sword, his servant David still defends.”

11 Fight thou against my foreign foes, who utter speeches false and vain ;
Who, tho’ in solemn leagues they close, their sworn engagements ne’er maintain.

12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow well planted in some fruitful place ;
Our daughters shall like pillars show, designed some royal court to grace.

13 Our garner’s fill’d with various store, shall us and ours with plenty feed,
Our sheep increasing more and more, shall thousands and ten thousands breed.

14 Strong shall our lab’ring oxen grow, nor in their constant labour faint :
Whilst we no war nor slavery know, and in our streets hear no complaint.

15 Thrice happy is that people’s case, whose various blessings thus abound ;
Who God’s true worship still embrace, and are with his protection crown’d.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 Thee I’ll extol, my God and king, thy endless praise proclaim :
This tribute daily I will bring, and ever bless thy name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great, and highly to be prais’d ;
Thy majesty, with boundless height, above our knowledge rais’d.

4 Renown’d for mighty acts, thy fame to future times extends ;
From age to age thy glorious name successively descends.

5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown and wond’rous works express ;
The world with me thy might shall own, and thy great pow’r confess.

7 The praise that to thy love belongs, they shall with joy proclaim ;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs shall be the constant theme.

8 The Lord is good, fresh acts of grace his pity still supplies ?
His anger moves with slowest pace, his willing mercy flies,

9, 10 Thy love thro’ earth extends its fame to all thy works express’d :
These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name is by thy servants blest.

11 They, with the glorious prospect fir’d, shall of thy kingdom speak :
And thy great pow’r by all admir’d, their lofty subject make.

12 God’s glorious works of ancient date shall thus to all be known ;
And thus his kingdom’s royal state with public splendor shown.

13 His steadfast throne from changes free, shall stand for ever fast ;
His boundless sway no end shall see, but time itself out-last.

PART SECOND.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall, and makes the prostrate rise ;
For his kind aid all creatures call, who timely food supplies.

16 Whate’er their various wants require, with open hand he gives :
And so fulfils the just desire of ev’ry thing that lives.

PSALM CXLVI, CXLVII.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how just ! how righteous all his ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust for his assistance prays !
19 He grants the full desires of those who him with fear adore,
And all their troubles soon compose, when they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preserves all those with care whom grateful love employs :
But sinners, who his vengeance dare, with furious rage destroys.
21 My time to come, in praises spent, shall still advance his fame ;
And all mankind, with one consent, for ever bless his name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O praise the Lord, and thou, my soul for ever bless his name ;
His wond'rous love, while life shall last, my constant praise shall claim.
3 On kings, the greatest sons of men, let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save in dang'rous times, nor timely help apply.
4 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn, and there neglected lie ;
And all their thoughts and vain designs together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God for his protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord his constant refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth, and all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth, nor make his promise vain.
7 The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs are eas'd by his decree :
He gives the hungry needful food, and sets the pris'ners free.
8 By him the blind receive their sight, the weak and fall'n he rears ;
With kind regard and tender love he for the righteous cares.
9 The strangers he preserves from harm, the orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles of wicked men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell, is our eternal king :
From age to age his reign endures, let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O praise the Lord with hymns of joy, and celebrate his fame ;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis to praise his holy name.
2 His holy city God will build, tho' level'd with the ground ;
Bring back his people, tho' dispers'd thro' all the nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts and all their wounds doth close ;
He tells the number of the stars, their several names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r, his wisdom has no bound :
The meek he raises, and throws down the wicked to the ground.
7 The God, the Lord, a hymn of praise with grateful voices sing :
To songs of triumph tune the harp, and strike each warbling string.
8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence refreshing rain bestows :
Thro' him, on mountain tops, the grass with wond'rous plenty grows.
9 He, savage beasts, that loosely range, with timely food supplies :
He feeds the ravens tender brood, and stops their hungry cries.
10 He values not the warlike steed, but doth his strength disdain :
The nimble foot that swiftly runs, no prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his name, his tender love extends ;
To him that on his boundless grace with stedfast hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem to God their praise address ;
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars and does their children bless.

PSALM CLXVIII.

14, 15 Thro' all their borders he gives peace, with finest wheat they're fed ;
He speaks the word, and what he wills is done as soon as said.

16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool, descends at his command :
And hoary frost, like ashes spread, is scatter'd o'er the land.

17 When join'd to these, he does his hail in little morsels break :
Who can against his piercing cold secure defences make.

18 He sends his word which melts the ice ; he makes his wind to blow ;
And soon the streams, congeal'd before, in plenteous currents flow.

19 By him his statutes and decrees, to Jacob's sons were shown ;
And still to Isr'el's chosen seed, his righteous laws are known.

20 No other nation this can boast, nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles, and knowledge of his word. Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 Ye boundless realms of joy, exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise, ye cherubim
And seraphim, to sing his praise.

3, 4 Thou moon, that rul'st the night, and sun that guid'st the day ;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light, to him your homage pay ;
His praise declare ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord, and praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word they all from nothing came,
And all shall last from changes free ;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay ; praise him ye dreadful whales,
And fish, that thro' the sea glide swift, with glitt'ring scales ;
Fire, hail, and snow, and misty air,
And winds, that where he bids them blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains (all in grateful concert join'd)
By cedars stately tall, and trees for fruit design'd
By ev'ry beast, and creeping thing,
And fowl of wing, his name be blest.

11, 12 Let all of royal birth, with those of humble frame,
And judges of the earth, his matchless praise proclaim
In this design let youths with maids,
And hoary heads with children join.

13 United zeal be shown, his wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone deserves our endless praise,
Earth's utmost ends his power obey :
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

14 His chosen saints to grace, he sets them up on high,
And favours Isr'el's race, who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise your grateful voice,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX, CL.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to sing.
In our great Creator let Isr'el rejoice
And children of Sion be glad in their king.
3, 4 Let them his great name extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp his praises express :
Who always takes pleasure his saints to advance,
And with his salvation the humble to bless.
5, 6 With glory adorn'd his people shall sing
To God, who their beds with safety does shield ;
Their mouths fill'd with praises of him their great King ;
Whilst a two-edged sword their right hand shall weild.
7, 8 Just vengeance to take for injuries past ;
To punish those lands for ruin design'd ;
With chains as their captives to tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron their nobles to bind.
9 Thus shall they make good, when them they destroy,
The dreadful decree which God does proclaim :
Such honour and triumph his saints shall enjoy,
O therefore for ever exalt his great name.

PSALM CL.

1 O praise the Lord in that blest place from whence his goodness largely flows
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts which he in our behalf hath done ;
His kindness this return exacts, with which our praise should equal run.
3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harps melodious noise, and gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
4 Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring, and some with graceful motion dance ;
Let instruments of various strings, with organs join'd, his praise advance.
5 Let them who joyful hymns compose, to cymbals set their songs of praise ;
Cymbals of common use, and those that loudly sound on solemn days.
6 Let all that vital breath enjoy, the breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ ; let every creature praise the Lord.

END OF THE PSALMS.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

As the 100 Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n
adore,
Be Glory, as it was of old,
is now, and shall be evermore.

As the old 112th, and the last part of the 123d Psalm Tune.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant
host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,

Be Glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd
As heretofore,
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd.
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

A

T A B L E

of the

Whole Number of the Psalms.



A	Psalm	I	Psalm
Against all those that strive with me ..	35	Judge me, O Lord, for I the paths	26
As pants the hart for cooling streams ..	42	I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord	30
At length, by certain proofs 'tis plain ..	73	I waited meekly for the Lord	40
B		Just Judge of heav'n, against my foes ..	44
Behold, O God, how heathen hosts	79	In vain, O man of lawless might	52
Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone	104	In thee I put my stedfast truth	71
Bless God, ye servants that attend	134	In Judah the Almighty's known	76
D		Jehovah reigns, let all the earth	97
Defend me, Lord, from shame	31	Jehovah reigns, let therefore all	99
Do thou, O God, in mercy help	56	In deep distress I oft have cry'd	120
Deliver me, O Lord, my God	59	L	
F		Lord, hear the voice of my complaint -	5
For thee, O God, our constant praise ..	65	Lord who's the happy man that may ..	15
From my youth up, may Israel say	129	Let all the just to God, with joy	33
From lowest depths of woe	130	Let all the list'ning world attend	49
For ever bless'd be God the Lord	144	Lord, save me, for thy glorious name ..	54
G		Lord, hear my cry, regard my pray'r ..	61
God is our refuge in distress	46	Lord, hear the voice of my complaint ..	64
Give ear, thou Judge of all the earth ..	55	Let all the lands with shouts of joy	66
God in the great assembly stands	82	Let God, the God of battle rise	68
God's temple crowns the holy mount ...	87	Lord, let thy just decrees the king	72
H		Lord, thou hast granted to thy land	85
How blest is he who ne'er consents	1	Lord, not to us, we claim no share	115
How many, Lord, of late are grown	3	Let David, Lord, a constant place	132
How long wilt thou forget me, Lord ..	13	M	
He's bless'd, whose sins have pardon gain'd ..	37	My God, my God, why leav'st thou me ..	24
Happy the man, whose tender care	41	My crafty foe with flatt'ring art	36
Have mercy, Lord, on me	51	My soul for help on God relies	62
Hear, O my people, to my law	78	My soul inspir'd with sacred love ..	103
Hold not thy peace, O Lord our God ..	83	My soul with grateful thoughts of love ..	116
He that has God his guardian made ..	91	N	
How good and pleasant must it be	92	No change of time shall ever shock	18
How blest are they who always keep ..	119	O	
Had not the Lord (may Israel say)	124	O Lord, thou art my righteous judge ..	4
How vast must their advantage be	133	O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd ..	7
		O thou, to whom all creatures bow ..	8

A Table of the Psalms.

Psalms	Psalms
O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry	The Lord himself, the mighty Lord ..
O Lord, our fathers oft have told	This spacious earth is all the Lord's -
O all ye people, clap your hands	To God, in whom I trust
O God, who hast our troops dispers'd	Through all the changing scenes of life
O God, my gracious God, to thee	Though wicked men grow rich or great
O Lord, to my relief draw near	Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord restrain
O Israel's shepherd, Joseph's guide ...	The Lord, the only God, is great
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
O Lord, the Saviour and defence	The wicked fools must sure suppose ..
O God, to whom revenge belongs	Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend
O come, loud anthems let us sing	To bless thy chosen race
Of mercy's never-failing spring	To thee, O God, we render praise
O render thanks and bless the Lord	To God I cry'd who to my help
O render thanks to God above	To God, our never-failing strength
O God, my heart is fully bent	To my complaint, O Lord my God ..
O God whose former mercies make ...	To thee, my God and Saviour, I
O praise the Lord, for he is good ---	Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	To God your grateful voices raise ..
On thee, who dwell'st above the skies ..	The Lord unto my Lord thus spake ..
O Lord, I am not proud of heart	That man is bless'd who stands in awe ..
O praise the Lord with one consent ..	To Sion's hill I lift my eyes
O praise the Lord, and thou, my soul --	The man is blest that fears the Lord ..
O praise the Lord with hymns of joy ..	To God the mighty Lord
O praise ye the Lord	Thou, Lord by strictest search hast known ..
O praise the Lord in that best place ..	To thee, O Lord, my cries ascend
P	139
Protect me from my cruel foes	To God with mournful voice
Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise	Thee I will bless, my God and King ..
Preserve me, Lord, from crafty foes ..	145
R	W
Resolv'd to watch o'er all my ways ...	With restless and ungovern'd rage
S	Whom should I fear, since God to me
Since I have plac'd my trust in God ...	While I the king's loud praise rehearse ..
Since godly men decay, O Lord	Why hast thou cast us off, O God? ..
Sure wicked fools must needs suppose ..	With glory clad, with strength array'd ..
Speak, O ye judges of the earth	With one consent let all the earth
Save me, O God, from waves that roll ..	When I pour out my soul in pray'r ..
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	When Israel, by th' Almighty led
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	With cheerful notes let all the earth
T	Who place on Sion's God their trust ..
Thy dreadful anger, Lord, restrain	When Sion's God her sons recall'd ..
To celebrate thy praise, O Lord	We build with fruitless cost, unless ..
Thy presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord ..	When we, our weary limbs to rest
10	With my whole heart, my God and King ..
To my just plea, and sad complaint ..	138
The heav'n's declare thy glory, Lord --	Y
The Lord to thy request attend	Ye princes, that in might excel
The king, O Lord, with songs of praise ..	Ye saints and servants of the Lord
19	Ye boundless realms of joy
20	148
21	



AT THE
COURT AT KENSINGTON.

December 3, 1696.

P R E S E N T

The King's Most Excellent Majesty

in

COUNCIL.

UPON the humble Petition of NICHOLAS BRADY, and NAHUM TATE, this day read at the Board, setting forth, that the Petitioners have, with their utmost Care and Industry, completed A New Version of the Psalms of David, in English Metre, fitted for public Use; and humbly praying his Majesty's Royal Allowance, that the said Version may be used in such Congregations as shall think fit to receive it:

His Majesty taking the same into his Royal Consideration, is pleased to order in Council, That the said New Version of the Psalms, in English Metre, be, and the same is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be used in all such Churches, Chapels, and Congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same.

W. BRIDGEMAN.



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